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# The Friend:

*&c. &c. &c.*

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By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

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Written May 1817
see p. 33 note

# THE FRIEND:

## *A SERIES OF ESSAYS,*

IN THREE VOLUMES,

TO AID IN THE FORMATION OF FIXED PRINCIPLES IN

POLITICS, MORALS, AND RELIGION,

WITH

LITERARY AMUSEMENTS INTERSPERSED.

By S. T. COLERIDGE. Esq.

*A NEW EDITION.*

Accipe principium rursus, formamque coactam
Desere : mutatâ melior procede figurâ.

CLAUDIAN.

VOL. II.

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1818.

*Insolens, mehercule foret, omnia urbis alicujis ædificia diruere, ad hoc solum ut, iisdem postea meliori ordine et formâ extructis, ejus plateæ pulchiores evaderent. At certe non insolens est dominum unius domus ad illam destruendam adhortari, ut ejus loco meliorem ædificet. Imó sæpe multi hoc facere coguntur nempe cum ædes habent vetustate jam fatiscentes, vel quæ infirmis fundamentis superstructæ ruinam minantur.*

CARTESIUS DE METHODO.

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# THE FRIEND.

## ESSAY I.

### ON THE ERRORS OF PARTY SPIRIT: OR EXTREMES MEET.

"And it was no wonder if some good and innocent men, especially such as He (LIGHTFOOT) who was generally more concerned about what was done in Judea many centuries ago, than what was transacted in his own time in his own country—it is no wonder if some such were for a while borne away to the approval of opinions which they after more sedate reflection disowned. Yet his innocency from any self-interest or design, together with his learning, secured him from the extravagancies of demagogues, the people's oracles."
LIGHTFOOT'S *Works*, *Publisher's Preface to the Reader.*

I have never seen Major Cartwright, much less enjoy the honour of his acquaintance;



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but I know enough of his character from the testimony of others and from his own writings, to respect his talents, and revere the purity of his motives. I am fully persuaded, that there are few better men, few more fervent or disinterested adherents of their country or the laws of their country, of whatsoever things are lovely, of whatsoever things are honourable! It would give me great pain should I be supposed to have introduced, disrespectfully, a name, which from my early youth I never heard mentioned without a feeling of affectionate admiration. I have indeed quoted from this venerable patriot, as from the most respectable English advocate for the Theory, which derives the rights of government, and the duties of obedience to it, exclusively from principles of pure Reason. It was of consequence to my cause that I should not be thought to have been waging war against a straw image of my own setting up, or even against a foreign idol that had neither worshippers nor advocates in our own country; and it was not less my object to keep my discussion aloof from those passions, which more unpopular names

might have excited. I therefore introduced the name of Cartwright, as I had previously done that of Luther, in order to give every fair advantage to a theory, which I thought it of importance to confute; and as an instance that though the system might be *made* tempting to the Vulgar, yet that, taken unmixed and entire, it was chiefly fascinating for lofty and imaginative spirits, who mistook their own virtues and powers for the average character of men in general.

Neither by fair statements nor by fair reasoning, should I ever give offence to Major Cartwright himself, nor to his judicious friends. If I am in danger of offending them, it must arise from one or other of two causes; either that I have falsely represented his principles, or his motives and the tendency of his writings. In the book from which I quoted ("The Peoples' Barrier against undue Influence, &c." the only one of Major Cartwright's which I possess) I am conscious that there are *six* foundations stated of constitutional Government. Therefore, it may be urged, the Author cannot be justly classed with those who deduce



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our social Rights and correlative Duties exclusively from principles of pure Reason, or unavoidable conclusions from such. My answer is ready. Of these six foundations three are but different words for one and the same, viz. the Law of Reason, the Law of God, and first Principles: and the three that remain can not be taken as different, inasmuch as they are afterwards affirmed to be of no validity except as far as they are evidently deduced from the former; that is, from the PRINCIPLES implanted by GOD in the universal REASON of Man. These three latter foundations are, the *general* customs of the realm, *particular* customs, and acts of Parliament. It might be supposed that the Author had not used his terms in the precise and single sense in which they are defined in my former Essay: and that self-evident Principles may be meant to include the dictates of manifest Expedience, the Inductions of the Understanding as well as the Prescripts of the pure Reason. But no! Major Cartwright has guarded against the possibility of this interpretation, and has expressed himself as decisively, and with as much warmth, against founding

*Governments* on grounds of Expedience, as the Editor of The Friend has done against founding *Morality* on the same. Euclid himself could not have defined his words more sternly within the limit of pure Science: for instance, see the 1st. 2d. 3d. and 4th primary Rules. "A Principle is a manifest and simple proposition comprehending a certain Truth. Principles are the proof of every thing: but are not susceptible of external proof, being self-evident. If one Principle be violated, all are shaken. Against him, who denies Principles, all dispute is useless, and reason unintelligible, or disallowed, so far as he denies them. The Laws of Nature are immutable." Neither could Rousseau himself (or his predecessors, the fifth Monarchy Men) have more nakedly or emphatically identified the foundations of government in the concrete with those of religion and morality in the abstract: see Major Cartwright's Primary Rules from 31 to 39, and from 44 to 83. In these it is affirmed: that the legislative Rights of every Citizen are inherent in his nature; that being natural Rights they must be equal in all men; that a

natural right is that right which a Citizen claims as being a *Man*, and that it hath no other foundation but his Personality or Reason: that Property can neither encrease or modify any legislative Right; that every one Man shall have one Vote however poor, and for any one Man, however rich, to have any more than one Vote, is against natural Justice, and an evil measure; that it is better for a nation to endure all adversities, than to assent to one evil measure; that to be free is to be governed by Laws, to which we have ourselves assented, either in Person or by Representative, for whose election we have actually voted: that all not having a right of Suffrage are Slaves, and that a vast majority of the People of Great Britain are Slaves! To prove the total coincidence of Major Cartwright's Theory with that which I have stated (and I trust confuted) in the preceding Number, it only remains for me to prove, that the former, equally with the latter, confounds the sufficiency of the conscience to make every person a *moral* and amenable Being, with the sufficiency of judgment and experience requisite to the

exercise of *political* Right. A single quotation will place this out of all doubt, which from its length I shall insert in a Note.*

* "But the equality (observe, that Major Cartwright is here speaking of the *natural* right to universal Suffrage, and consequently of the universal right of eligibility, as well as of election, independent of character or property)—the equality and dignity of human nature in all men, whether rich or poor, is placed in the highest point of view by St. Paul, when he reprehends the Corinthian believers for their litigations one with another, in the Courts of Law where unbelievers presided; and as an argument of *the competency of all men* to judge for themselves, he alludes to that elevation in the kingdom of heaven which is promised to every man who shall be virtuous, or in the language of that time, a *Saint.* Do ye not know, says he, 'that the Saints shall judge the world? And if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? Know ye not that ye shall judge the angels? How much more *things that pertain to this life?* If after such authorities, such manifestations of truth as these, any Christian through those prejudices, which are the effects of long habits of injustice and oppression, and teach us to '*despise the poor*,' shall still think it right to exclude that part of the commonalty, consisting of '*Tradesmen*, *Artificers*, and Labourers,' or any of them from voting in elections of members to serve in parliament, I must

Great stress, indeed, is laid on the authority of our ancient Laws, both in this and the other works of our patriotic author; and whatever his system may be, it is impossible not to feel, that the author himself possesses the heart of a genuine Englishman. But still his system can

sincerely lament such a persuasion as a misfortune both to himself and his country. And if any man, (not having given himself the trouble to consider whether or not the Scripture be an authority, but who, nevertheless, is a friend to the rights of mankind) upon grounds of mere prudence, policy, or expediency, shall think it advisable to go against the whole current of our constitutional and law maxims, by which it is *self-evident* that every man, as being a MAN, created FREE, born to FREEDOM, and, without it, a THING, a SLAVE, a BEAST; and shall contend for drawing a line of exclusion at freeholders of forty *pounds* a year, or forty *shillings* a year, or *householders*, or *pot-boilers*, so that all who are below that line shall not have a vote in the election of a legislative guardian,—which is taking from a citizen the power even of self-preservation,—such a man, I venture to say, is bolder than he who wrestled with the angel; for he wrestles with God himself, who established *those principles in the eternal laws of nature, never to be violated* by any of his Creatures." P. 23—24.

neither be changed nor modified by these appeals: for among the primary maxims, which form the ground-work of it, we are informed not only that Law in the abstract is the perfection of Reason; but that the Law of God and the Law of the Land are all one! What? The Statutes against Witches? Or those bloody Statutes against Papists, the abolition of which gave rise to the infamous Riots in 1780? Or (in the author's own opinion) the Statutes of Disfranchisement and for making Parliaments septennial?—Nay! but (Principle 28) "an unjust Law is no Law:" and (P. 22.) against the Law of Reason neither prescription, statute, nor custom, may prevail; and if any such be brought against it, they be not prescriptions, statute, nor customs, but things void: and (P. 29.) What the Parliament doth shall be *holden for nought*, whensoever it shall enact that which is contrary to a *natural* Right!" We dare not suspect a grave writer of such egregious trifling, as to mean no more by these assertions, than that what is wrong is not right; and if more than this be meant, it must be that the subject is not bound to obey any

Act of Parliament, which according to his conviction entrenches on a Principle of natural Right; which natural Rights are, as we have seen, not confined to the man in his individual capacity, but are made to confer universal legislative privileges on every subject of every state, and of the extent of which every man is competent to judge, who is competent to be the object of Law at all, i. e. every man who has not lost his Reason.

In the statement of his principles therefore, I have not misrepresented Major Cartwright. Have I then endeavoured to connect public odium with his honoured name, by arraigning his motives, or the tendency of his Writings? The tendency of his Writings, in my inmost conscience I believe to be perfectly harmless, and I dare cite them in confirmation of the opinions which it was the object of my introductory Essays to establish, and as an additional proof, that no good man communicating what he believes to be the Truth for the sake of Truth, and according to the rules of Conscience, will be found to have acted injuriously to the peace or interests of Society.

The venerable State-Moralist (for this is his true character, and in this title is conveyed the whole error of his system) is incapable of aiding his arguments by the poignant condiment of personal slander, incapable of appealing to the envy of the multitude by bitter declamation against the follies and oppressions of the higher classes! He would shrink with horror from the thought of adding a false and unnatural influence to the cause of Truth and Justice, by details of present calamity or immediate suffering, fitted to excite the *fury* of the multitude, or by promises of turning the current of the public Revenue into the channels* of individual Distress and Poverty, so as to bribe the populace by selfish hopes! It does not belong to men of his character to delude the un-

* I must again remind the Reader, that these Essays were written October 1809. If Major Cartwright however, since then acted in a different spirit, and tampered personally with the distresses, and consequent irritability of the ignorant, the inconsistency is his, not the Author's. If what I then believed and avowed should now appear a severe satire in the shape of a false prophecy, any shame I might feel for my lack of penetration would be lost in the sincerity of my regret.

instructed into the belief that their shortest way of obtaining the good things of this life, is to commence busy Politicians, instead of remaining industrious Labourers. He knows, and acts on the knowledge, that it is the duty of the enlightened Philanthropist to plead *for* the poor and ignorant, not *to* them.

No!—From Works written and published under the control of austere principles, and at the impulse of a lofty and generous enthusiasm, from Works rendered attractive only by the fervor of sincerity, and imposing only by the *Majesty of Plain Dealing*, no danger will be apprehended by a wise man, no offence received by a good man. I could almost venture to *warrant* our Patriot's publications *innoxious*, from the single circumstance of their perfect freedom from *personal* themes in this AGE OF PERSONALITY, this age of literary and political *Gossiping*, when the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of *personal* malignity in the tail; when the most vapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest purely from the

number of contemporary characters *named* in the patch-work Notes (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the Text), and because, to increase the stimulus, the Author has sagaciously left his own *name* for whispers and conjectures!—In an age, when even Sermons are published with a double Appendix stuffed with *names*—in a generation so transformed from the characteristic reserve of Britons, that from the ephemeral sheet of a London Newspaper to the everlasting Scotch Professorial Quarto, almost every publication exhibits or flatters the epidemic distemper; that the very "Last year's Rebuses" in the Lady's Diary, are answered in a serious Elegy "*On my Father's Death*," with the name and *habitat* of the elegiac Œdipus subscribed;—and "*other ingenious solutions were likewise given*" to the said *Rebuses*—not, as heretofore, by Crito, Philander, A B, X Y, &c. but by fifty or sixty plain English Sirnames at full length, with their several places of abode! In an age, when a bashful *Philalethes* or *Phileleutheros* is as rare on the title-pages and among the

signatures of our Magazines, as a real name used to be in the days of our shy and notice-shunning grandfathers! When (more exquisite than all) I see an EPIC POEM (Spirits of Maro and Mæonides, make ready to welcome your new compeer!) advertised with the special recommendation, that the said EPIC POEM contains more than a hundred *names* of *living* persons! No—if Works as abhorrent, as those of Major Cartwright, from all unworthy provocatives to the vanity, the envy, and the selfish passions of mankind, could acquire a sufficient influence on the public mind to be mischievous, the plans proposed in his pamphlets would cease to be altogether visionary: though even then they could not ground their claims to actual adoption on self-evident principles of pure Reason, but on the happy accident of the virtue and good sense of that public, for whose suffrages they were presented. (Indeed with Major Cartwright's *plans* I have no present concern; but with the principles, on which he grounds the obligations to adopt them.)

But I must not sacrifice Truth to my reverence for individual purity of intention. The

tendency of one good man's writings is altogether a different thing from the tendency of the system itself, when seasoned and served up for the unreasoning multitude, as it has been by men whose names I would not honour by writing them in the same sentence with Major Cartwright's. For this system has two sides, and holds out very different attractions to its admirers that advance towards it from different points of the compass. It possesses qualities, that can scarcely fail of winning over to its banners a numerous host of shallow heads and restless tempers, men who without learning (or, as one of my Friends has forcibly expressed it, "*Strong Book-mindedness*") live as alms-folks on the opinions of their contemporaries, and who, (well pleased to exchange the humility of regret for the self-complacent feelings of contempt) reconcile themselves to the *sans-culotterie* of their Ignorance, by scoffing at the useless fox-brush of Pedantry.* The

* "He *(Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk)* knowing that Learning hath no enemy but Ignorance, did suspect always the want of it in those men who derided the habit of it in others: like the Fox in the Fable, who

attachment of this numerous class is owing neither to the solidity and depth of *foundation* in this theory, or to the strict *coherence* of its arguments; and still less to any genuine reverence of humanity in the abstract. The physiocratic system promises to deduce all things, and every thing relative to law and government, with mathematical exactness and certainty, from a few individual and self-evident principles. But who so dull, as not to be capable of apprehending a simple self-evident principle, and of following a short demonstration? By this system THE SYSTEM as its admirers were wont to call it, even as they named the writer who first applied it in systematic detail to the whole constitution and administra-

being without a Tail, would persuade others to cut off theirs as a bnrthen. But he liked well the Philosopher's division of men into three ranks—some who knew good and were willing to teach others; these he said were like Gods among men—others who though they knew not much yet were willing to learn; these he said were like Men among Beasts—and some who knew not good and yet despised such as should teach them; these he esteemed as Beasts among Men."

*Lloyd's State Worthies*, *p.* 33.

tion of civil policy, D. Quesnoy to wit, *le Docteur*, or THE TEACHER;—by this system the observation of Times, Places, relative Bearings, History, national Customs and Character, is rendered superfluous: all, in short, which according to the common notion makes the attainment of legislative prudence a work of difficulty and long-continued effort, even for the acutest and most comprehensive minds. The cautious balancing of comparative advantages, the painful calculation of forces and counter-forces, the preparation of circumstances, the lynx-eyed watching for opportunities, are all superseded; and by the magic oracles of certain axioms and definitions it is revealed how the world with all its concerns should be mechanized, and then let go on of itself. All the positive Institutions and Regulations, which the prudence of our ancestors had provided, are declared to be erroneous or interested perversions of the natural relations of man; and the whole is delivered over to the faculty, which all men possess equally, i. e. the *common* sense or universal Reason. The science of Politics, it is said, is but the appli-

cation of the common sense, which every man possesses, to a subject in which every man is concerned. To be a Musician, an Orator, a Painter, a Poet, an Architect, or even to be a good Mechanist, presupposes *Genius;* to be an excellent Artizan or Mechanic, requires more than an average degree of *Talent;* but to be a Legislator requires nothing but *common Sense.* The commonest human intellect therefore suffices for a perfect insight in the whole science of civil Polity, and qualifies the possessor to sit in judgement on the constitution and administration of his own country, and of all other nations. This must needs be agreeable tidings to the great mass of mankind. There is no subject, which men in general like better to harangue on, than Politics: none, the deciding on which more flatters the sense of self-importance. For as to what Doctor Johnson calls *plebeian envy,* I do not believe that the mass of men are justly chargeable with it in their political feelings; not only because envy is seldom excited except by definite and individual objects, but still more because it is a *painful* passion, and not likely to co-exist

with the high delight and self-complacency with which the harangues on States and Statesmen, Princes and Generals, are made and listened to in ale-house circles or promiscuous public meetings. A certain portion of this is not merely desirable, but necessary in a free country. Heaven forbid! that the most ignorant of my countrymen should be deprived of a subject so well fitted to

——————————" impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart!"

But a system which not only flatters the pride and vanity of men, but which in so plausible and intelligible a manner persuades them, not that *this* is wrong and that *that* ought to have been managed otherwise; or that Mr. X. is worth a hundred of Mr. Y. as a Minister or Parliament Man, &c. &c.; but that *all* is wrong and mistaken, nay, all most unjust and wicked, and that every man is *competent*, and in contempt of all rank and property, on the mere title of his *Personality*, possesses the *Right*, and is under the most solemn moral *obligation*, to give a helping hand toward

overthrowing it: this confusion of political with religious claims, this transfer of the rights of Religion *disjoined* from the austere duties of self-denial, with which religious rights exercised in their proper sphere cannot fail to be accompanied; and not only disjoined from self-restraint, but *united* with the indulgence of those passions (self-will, love of power, &c.) which it is the principal aim and hardest task of Religion to correct and restrain—this, I say, is altogether different from the *Village Politics* of Yore, and may be pronounced alarming and of dangerous tendency by the boldest Advocates of Reform not less consistently, than by the most timid eschewers of popular disturbance.

Still, however, the system had its golden side for the noblest minds: and I should act the part of a coward, if I disguised my convictions, that the errors of the Aristocratic party were full as gross, and far less excusable. Instead of contenting themselves with opposing the real blessings of English law to the splendid promises of untried theory, too large a part of those, who called themselves *Anti-*

*Jacobins*, did all in their power to suspend those blessings; and thus furnished new arguments to the advocates of innovation, when they should have been answering the old ones. The most prudent, as well as the most honest mode of defending the existing arrangements, would have been, to have candidly admitted what could not with truth be denied, and then to have shewn that, though the things complained of were evils, they were necessary evils; or if they were *removeable*, yet that the consequences of the *heroic* medicines recommended by the Revolutionists would be far more dreadful than the disease. Now either the one or the other point, by the double aid of History and a sound Philosophy, they *might* have established with a certainty little short of demonstration, and with such colours and illustrations as would have taken strong hold of the very feelings which had attached to the democratic system all the good and valuable men of the party. But instead of this they precluded the possibility of being listened to even by the gentlest and most ingenuous among the friends of the French Revolution,

denying or attempting to palliate facts, that were equally notorious and unjustifiable, and supplying the lack of brain by an overflow of gall. While they lamented with tragic outcries the injured Monarch and the exiled Noble, they displayed the most disgusting insensibility to the privations, sufferings, and manifold oppressions of the great mass of the Continental population, and a blindness or callousness still more offensive to the crimes* and unutterable abominations of their oppressors. Not only was the Bastile justified, but the Spanish Inquisition itself—and this in a pamphlet passionately extolled and industriously circulated by the adherents of the then ministry. Thus, and by their infatuated panegyrics on the former state of France, they played into the hands of their worst and most dangerous antagonists. In confounding the conditions of

* I do not mean the Sovereigns, but the old Nobility of both Germany and France. The extravagantly false and flattering picture, which Burke gave of the French Nobility and Hierarchy, has always appeared to me the greatest defect of his, in so many respects, invaluable Work.

the English and the French peasantry, and in quoting the authorities of Milton, Sidney, and their immortal compeers, as applicable to the present times and the existing government, the Demagogues appeared to talk only the same language as the Anti-jacobins themselves employed. For if the vilest calumnies of obsolete bigots were applied against these great men by the one party, with equal plausibility might their authorities be adduced, and their arguments for increasing the power of the people be reapplied to the existing government, by the other. If the most disgusting forms of despotism were spoken of by the one in the same respectful language as the executive power of our own country, what wonder if the irritated partizans of the other were able to impose on the populace the converse of the proposition, and to confound the executive branch of the English sovereignty with the despotisms of less happy lands? The first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents, that he understands their arguments and sympathizes with their just feelings. But instead of this, these pretended Constitutionalists recurred to

the language of insult, and to measures of persecution. In order to oppose Jacobinism they imitated it in its worst features; in personal slander, in illegal violence, and even in the thirst for blood. They justified the corruptions of the state in the same spirit of sophistry, by the same vague arguments of general Reason, and the same disregard of ancient ordinances and established opinions, with which the state itself had been attacked by the Jacobins. The wages of state-dependence were represented as sacred as the property won by industry or derived from a long line of ancestors.

It was, indeed, evident to thinking men, that both parties were playing the same game with different counters. If the Jacobins ran wild with the Rights of Man, and the abstract sovereignty of the people, their antagonists flew off as extravagantly from the sober good sense of our forefathers, and idolized as mere an abstraction in the Rights of *Sovereigns*. Nor was this confined to Sovereigns. They defended the exemptions and privileges of all privileged orders on the presumption of their inalienable *right* to them, however inex-

pedient they might have been found, as universally and abstractly as if these privileges had been decreed by the Supreme Wisdom, instead of being the offspring of chance or violence, or the inventions of human prudence. Thus, while they deemed themselves defending, they were in reality blackening and degrading the uninjurious and useful privileges of our English nobility, which (thank Heaven!) rest on nobler and securer grounds. Thus too, the necessity of compensations for dethroned princes was affirmed as familiarly, as if kingdoms had been private estates: and no more disapprobation was expressed at the transfer of five or ten millions of men from one proprietor to another, than of as many score head of cattle. This most degrading and superannuated superstition, or rather this ghost of a defunct absurdity raised up by the necromancy of a violent re-action (such as the extreme of one system is sure to occasion in the adherents of its opposite) was more than once allowed to regulate our measures in the conduct of a war on which the independence of the British empire and the progressive civilization

of all mankind depended. I could mention possessions of paramount and indispensable importance to first-rate national interests, the nominal sovereign of which had delivered up all his sea-ports and strong-holds to the French, and maintained a French army in his dominions, and had therefore, by the law of nations, made his territories French dependencies—which possessions were not to be touched, though the natural inhabitants were eager to place themselves under our permanent protection—and why?—They were the *property* of the king of——! All the grandeur and majesty of the law of nations, which taught our ancestors to distinguish between a European sovereign and the miserable despots of oriental barbarism, and to consider the former as the representative of the nation which he governed, and as inextricably connected with its fortunes as *Sovereign*, were merged in the basest personality. Instead of the interest of mighty nations, it seemed as if a mere law-suit were carrying on between John Doe and Richard Roe! The happiness of millions was light in the balance, weighed

against a theatric compassion for one individual and his family, who, (I speak from facts that I myself know) if they feared the French more, hated us worse. Though the restoration of good sense commenced during the interval of the peace of Amiens, yet it was not till the Spanish insurrection that Englishmen of all parties recurred, *in toto*, to the old English principles, and spoke of their Hampdens, Sidneys and Miltons, with the old enthusiasm. During the last war, an acquaintance of mine (least of all men a political zealot) had *christened* a vessel which he had just built —THE LIBERTY; and was seriously admonished by his aristocratic friends to change it for some other name. What? replied the owner very innocently—should I call it THE FREEDOM? That (it was replied) would be far better, as people might then think only of Freedom of Trade; whereas LIBERTY has a *jacobinical* sound with it! Alas! (and this is an observation of Sir J. Denham and of Burke) is there then no medium between an ague-fit and a frenzy-fever?

I have said that to withstand the arguments

of the lawless, the Anti-jacobins proposed to suspend the Law, and by the interposition of a particular statute to eclipse the blessed light of the universal Sun, that spies and informers might tyrannize and escape in the ominous darkness. Oh! if these mistaken men intoxicated with alarm and bewildered by that panic of property, which they themselves were the chief agents in exciting, had ever lived in a country where there was indeed a general disposition to change and rebellion! Had they ever travelled through Sicily, or through France at the first coming on of the Revolution, or even alas! through too many of the provinces of a sister-island, they could not but have shrunk from their own declarations concerning the state of feeling and opinion at that time predominant throughout Great Britain. There was a time (Heaven grant that that time may have passed by) when by crossing a narrow strait they might have learnt the true symptoms of approaching danger and have secured themselves from mistaking the meetings and idle rant of such sedition as shrunk appalled from the sight of a constable,

for the dire murmuring and strange consternation which precedes the storm or earthquake of national discord. Not only in Coffee-houses and public Theatres, but even at the tables of the wealthy, they would have heard the advocates of existing Government defend their cause in the language and with the tone of men, who are conscious that they are in a minority. But in England, when the alarm was at the highest, there was not a city, no, not a town in which a man suspected of holding democratic principles could move abroad without receiving some unpleasant proof of the hatred in which his supposed opinions were held by the great majority of the people: and the only instances of popular excess and indignation were on the side of the Government and the Established Church. But why need I appeal to these invidious facts? Turn over the pages of History, and seek for a single instance of a revolution having been effected without the concurrence of either the Nobles, or the Ecclesiastics, or the monied classes, in any country in which the influences of property had ever been predominant, and where the

interests of the proprietors were interlinked! Examine the revolution of the Belgic provinces under Philip the Second; the civil wars of France in the preceding generation, the history of the American revolution, or the yet more recent events in Sweden and in Spain; and it will be scarcely possible not to perceive, that in England, from 1791 to the peace of Amiens, there were neither tendencies to confederacy nor actual confederacies, against which the existing Laws had not provided both sufficient safeguards and an ample punishment. But alas! the panic of property had been struck in the first instance for party purposes: and when it became general, its propagators caught it themselves, and ended in believing their own lie: even as our bulls in Burrowdale sometimes run mad with the echo of their own bellowing. The consequences were most injurious. Our attention was concentrated to a monster which could not survive the convulsions in which it had been brought forth, even the enlightened Burke himself too often talking and reasoning as if a perpetual and organized anarchy had been a

possible thing! Thus while we were warring against French doctrines, we took little heed whether the means by which we attempted to overthrow them, were not likely to aid and augment the far more formidable evil of French ambition. Like children we ran away from the yelping of a cur and took shelter at the heels of a vicious war horse.

The conduct of the aristocratic party was equally unwise in private life and to individuals, especially to the young and inexperienced, who were surely to be forgiven for having had their imagination dazzled, and their enthusiasm kindled, by a novelty so specious, that even an old and tried Statesman had pronounced it "a stupendous monument of human wisdom and human happiness." This was indeed a gross delusion, but assuredly for young men at least, a very venial one. To hope too boldly of Human Nature is a fault which all good men have an interest in forgiving. Nor was it less removable than venial, if the party had taken the only way by which the error could be, or even ought to have been, removed. Having first sympathized with the

warm benevolence and the enthusiasm for Liberty, which had consecrated it, they should have then shewn the young Enthusiasts that Liberty was not the only blessing of Society; that though desirable, even for its own sake, it yet derived its main value as the means of calling forth and securing other advantages and excellencies, the activities of Industry, the security of Life and Property, the peaceful energies of Genius and manifold Talent, the developement of the moral Virtues, and the independence and dignity of the nation in its relations to foreign powers: and that neither these nor Liberty itself could subsist in a country so various in its soils, so long inhabited and so fully peopled as Great Britain, without difference of ranks and without laws which recognized and protected the privileges of each. But instead of thus winning them back from the snare, they too often drove them into it by angry contumelies, which being in contradiction with each other could only excite contempt for those that uttered them. To prove the folly of the opinions, they were represented as the crude fancies of unfledged wit and

school-boy statesmen; but when abhorrence was to be expressed, the self-same unfledged school-boys were invested with all the attributes of brooding conspiracy and hoary-headed treason. Nay, a sentence of absolute reprobation was passed on them; and the speculative error of Jacobinism was equalized to the mysterious sin in Scripture, which in some inexplicable manner excludes not only mercy but even repentance. It became the watch-word of the party, "ONCE A JACOBIN ALWAYS A JACOBIN." And wherefore?* we will suppose

cf STC letter to Sir G B

* The passage which follows was first published in the Morning Post, in the year 1800, and contained, if I mistake not, the first philosophical appropriation of a precise import to the word Jacobin, as distinct from Republican, Democrat, and Demagogue. The whole Essay has a peculiar interest to myself at the present moment, (1 May 1817) from the recent notorious publication of Mr. Southey's juvenile Drama, the Wat Tyler, and the consequent assault on his character by an M. P. in his senatorial capacity, to whom the Publishers are doubtless knit by the two-fold tie of sympathy and gratitude. The names of the Publishers are Sherwood, Nealy and Jones; their Benefactor's name is William Smith.

this question asked by an individual, who in his youth or earliest manhood had been enamoured of a system, which for *him* had combined the austere beauty of science, at once with all the light and colours of imagination, and with all the warmth of wide religious charity, and who, overlooking its *ideal* essence, had dreamt of actually building a government on personal and natural rights alone.) And wherefore? "Is Jacobinism an absurdity, and have we no understanding to detect it with? Is it productive of all misery and all horrors, and have we no natural humanity to make us turn away with indignation and loathing from it? Uproar and confusion, insecurity of person and of property, the tyranny of mobs or the domination of a soldiery; private houses changed to brothels, the ceremony of marriage but an initiation to harlotry, and marriage itself degraded to mere concubinage—these, the wiser advocates of Aristocracy have said, and truly said, are the effects of Jacobinism! In private life, an insufferable licentiousness, and abroad an intolerable despotism? "*Once a Jacobin, always a Jacobin*"—O wherefore? Is it because

the Creed which we have stated is dazzling at first sight to the young, the innocent, the disinterested, and to those, who judging of men in general from their own uncorrupted hearts, judge erroneously, and expect unwisely? Is it, because it deceives the mind in its purest and most flexible period? Is it, because it is an error, that every day's experience aids to detect? An error against which all history is full of warning examples? Or is it because the experiment has been tried before our eyes and the error made palpable?

From what source are we to derive this strange phænomenon, that the young and the enthusiastic, who as our daily experience informs us, are deceived in their religious antipathies, and grow wiser; in their friendships, and grow wiser; in their modes of pleasure, and grow wiser; should, if once deceived in a question of abstract politics, cling to the error for ever and ever? And this too, although in addition to the natural growth of judgement and information with increase of years, they live in the age in which the tenets

have been acted upon; and though the consequences have been such, that every good man's heart sickens, and his head turns giddy at the retrospect.

## ESSAY II.

Truth I pursued, as Fancy sketch'd the way,
And wiser men than I went worse astray.

MSS.

I was never myself, at any period of my life, a convert to the system. From my earliest manhood, it was an axiom in Politics with me, that in every country where property prevailed, property must be the grand basis of the government; and that that government was the best, in which the power or political influence of the individual was in proportion to his property, provided that the free circulation of property was not impeded by any positive laws or customs, nor the tendency of wealth to accumulate in abiding masses unduly encouraged. I perceived, that if the people at large were neither ignorant nor immoral, there could

be no motive for a sudden and violent change of government; and if they were, there could be no hope but of a change for the worse." The Temple of Despotism, like that of the Mexican God, would be rebuilt with human skulls, and more firmly, though in a different architecture."* Thanks to the excellent education which I had received, my reason was too clear not to draw this "circle of power" round me, and my spirit too honest to attempt to break through it. My feelings, however, and imagination did not remain unkindled in this general conflagration; and I confess I should be more inclined to be ashamed than proud of myself, if they had! I was a sharer in the general vortex, though my little world described the path of its revolution in an orbit of its own. What I dared not expect from constitutions of government and whole nations, I hoped from Religion and a small company of chosen individuals, and formed a plan, as harmless as it was extravagant, of trying the experiment of human perfectability on the banks of the *Susquehannah;*

* To the best of my recollection, these were Mr. Southey's words in the year 1794.

where our little society, in its second generation was to have combined the innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and genuine refinements of European culture: and where I dreamt that in the sober evening of my life, I should behold the Cottages of Independence in the *undivided* Dale of Industry,

> "And oft, soothed sadly by some dirgeful wind,
> Muse on the sore ills I had left behind!"

Strange fancies! and as vain as strange! yet to the intense interest and impassioned zeal, which called forth and strained every faculty of my intellect for the organization and defence of this scheme, I owe much of whatever I at present possess, my clearest insight into the nature of individual man, and my most comprehensive views of his social relations, of the true uses of trade and commerce, and how far the *wealth* and relative *power* of nations promote or impede their *welfare* and inherent *strength*. Nor were they less serviceable in securing myself, and perhaps some others, from the pitfalls of sedition: and when

we gradually alighted on the firm ground of common sense, from the gradually exhausted balloon of youthful enthusiasm, though the air-built castles, which we had been pursuing, had vanished with all their pageantry of shifting forms and glowing colours, we were yet free from the stains and impurities which might have remained upon us, had we been travelling with the crowd of less imaginative malcontents, through the dark lanes and foul bye roads of ordinary fanaticism.

But oh! there were thousands as young and as innocent as myself who, not like me, sheltered in the tranquil nook or inland cove of a particular fancy, were driven along with the general current! Many there were, young men of loftiest minds, yea the prime stuff out of which manly wisdom and practicable greatness is to be formed, who had appropriated their hopes and the ardour of their souls to mankind at large, to the wide expanse of national interests, which then seemed fermenting in the French Republic as in the main outlet and chief crater of the revolutionary torrents; and who confidently believed, that

these torrents, like the lavas of Vesuvius, were to subside into a soil of inexhaustible fertility on the circumjacent lands, the old divisions and mouldering edifices of which they had covered or swept away—Enthusiasts of kindliest temperament, who to use the words of the Poet (having already borrowed the meaning and the metaphor) had approached

——————————" the shield
Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought even to the death to attest
The quality of the metal which they saw."

My honoured friend has permitted me to give a value and relief to the present Essay, by a quotation from one of his unpublished Poems, the length of which I regret only from its forbidding me to trespass on his kindness by making it yet longer. I trust there are many of my Readers of the same age with myself, who will throw themselves back into the state of thought and feeling in which they were when France was reported to have solemnized her first sacrifice of error and prejudice on the bloodless altar of Freedom, by an oath of peace and good-will to all mankind.

Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars, which then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! oh! times,
In which the meagre stale forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in Romance!
When Reason seem'd the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchanter to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favour'd spots alone, but the whole earth
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
(To take an image which was felt no doubt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were rous'd, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
Their ministers, used to stir in lordly wise
Among the grandest objects of the sense
And deal with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To yield it;—they too, who of gentle mood
Had watch'd all gentle motions, and to these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild
And in the region of their peaceful selves;——
Now was it that both found, the Meek and Lofty
Did both find helpers to their heart's desire
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish!—
Were call'd upon to exercise their skill
Not in Utopia, subterraneous fields,
Or some secreted island, heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us, the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!

WORDSWORTH.

The Peace of Amiens deserved the name of Peace, for it gave us unanimity at home, and reconciled Englishmen with each other. Yet it would be as wild a fancy as any of which we have treated, to expect that the violence of party spirit is never more to return. Sooner or later the same causes, or their equivalents, will call forth the same opposition of opinion, and bring the same passions into play. Ample would be my recompence, could I foresee that this present Essay would be the means of preventing discord and unhappiness in a single family; if its words of warning, aided by its tones of sympathy, should arm a single man of

genius against the fascinations of his own ideal world, a single philanthropist against the enthusiasm of his own heart! Not less would be my satisfaction, dared I flatter myself that my lucubrations would not be altogether without effect on those who deem themselves Men of Judgement, faithful to the light of *Practice* and not to be led astray by the wandering fires of Theory! If I should aid in making these aware, that in recoiling with too incautious an abhorrence from the bugbears of innovation, they may sink all at once into the slough of slavishness and corruption. Let such persons recollect that the charms of hope and novelty furnish some palliation for the idolatry to which *they* seduce the mind; but that the apotheosis of familiar abuses and of the errors of selfishness is the vilest of superstitions. Let them recollect too, that nothing can be more incongruous than to combine the pusillanimity, which despairs of human improvement, with the arrogance, supercilious contempt, and boisterous anger, which have no pretensions to pardon except as the overflowings of ardent anticipation and enthusiastic

faith! And finally, and above all, let it be remembered by both parties, and indeed by controversialists on all subjects, that every speculative error which boasts a multitude of advocates, has its *golden* as well as its dark side; that there is always some Truth connected with it, the exclusive attention to which has misled the Understanding, some moral beauty which has given it charms for the heart. Let it be remembered, that no Assailant of an Error can reasonably hope to be listened to by its Advocates, who has not proved to them that he has seen the disputed subject in the same point of view, and is capable of contemplating it with the same feelings as themselves: (for why should we abandon a cause at the persuasions of one who is ignorant of the reasons which have attached us to it?) Let it be remembered, that to write, however ably, merely to convince those who are already convinced, displays but the courage of a boaster; and in any subject to rail against the evil before we have enquired for the good, and to exasperate the passions of those who think with us, by caricaturing the opinions and blackening the

motives of our antagonists, is to make the Understanding the pander of the passions; and even though we should have defended the right cause, to gain for ourselves ultimately, from the good and the wise no other praise than the supreme Judge awarded to the friends of Job for their partial and uncharitable defence of his justice: "My wrath is kindled against you, for ye have not spoken of me *rightfully*."

# ESSAY III.

## ON THE VULGAR ERRORS RESPECTING TAXES AND TAXATION.*

Οπερ γὰρ ὁι τὰς ἐγχέλεις θηρώμενοι τέπονθας·
Οταν μὲν ἡ λίμνη κατα=ῇ, λαμβάνουσιν ὀυδέν
Εάν δ'ἄνω τε κὰι κάτω τὸν βορβορον κυκῶσιν,
Αἴρουσι· κὰι σὺ λαμβάνεις, ἤν τὴν πόλιν ταράττης·

*Translation.* — It is with you as with those that are hunting for eels. While the pond is clear and settled, they take nothing; but if they stir up the mud high and low, then they bring up the fish:—and you succeed only as far as you can set the State in tumult and confusion.

In a passage in the last Essay, I referred to the second part of the "Rights of Man," in

* For the moral effects of our present System of Finance, and its consequences on the *welfare* of the Nation, as distinguished from its wealth, the Reader is referred to the Author's Second Lay Sermon, and to the Section of Morals in the Third Volume of this Work.

which Paine assures his Readers that their Poverty is the consequence of Taxation: that taxes are rendered necessary only by wars and state-corruption; that war and corruption are entirely owing to monarchy and aristocracy; that by a revolution and a brotherly alliance with the French Republic, our land and sea forces, our revenue officers, and three-fourths of our pensioners, placemen, &c. &c. would be rendered superfluous; and that a small part of the expences thus saved, would suffice for the maintenance of the poor, the infirm, and the aged, throughout the kingdom. Would to heaven! that this infamous mode of misleading and flattering the lower classes were confined to the writings of Thomas Paine. But how often do we hear, even from the mouths of our parliamentary advocates for popularity, the taxes stated as so much money actually lost to the people; and a nation in debt represented as the same both in kind and consequences, as an individual tradesman on the brink of bankruptcy? It is scarcely possible, that these men should be themselves deceived; that they should be so ignorant of history as not to know that

the freest nations, being at the same time commercial, have been at all times the most heavily taxed: or so void of common sense as not to see that there is no analogy in the case of a tradesman and his creditors, to a nation indebted to itself. Surely, a much fairer instance would be that of a husband and wife playing cards at the same table against each other, where what the one loses the other gains. Taxes may be indeed, and often are injurious to a country: at no time, however, from their amount merely, but from the time or injudicious mode in which they are raised. A great Statesman, lately deceased, in one of his anti-ministerial harangues against some proposed impost, said: the nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood. This blood, however, was circulating in the mean time through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of Taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact, in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation

of the coats of particular vessels, by a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large.

But a fuller and fairer symbol of Taxation, both in its possible good and evil effects, is to be found in the evaporation of waters from the surface of the planet. The sun may draw up the moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, the pasture, and the corn-field; but it may likewise force away the moisture from the fields of tillage, to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sand-waste. The gardens in the south of Europe supply, perhaps, a not less apt illustration of a system of Finance judiciously conducted, where the tanks or reservoirs would represent the capital of a nation, and the hundred rills hourly varying their channels and directions under the gardener's spade, give a pleasing image of the dispersion of that

capital through the whole population, by the joint effect of Taxation and Trade. For Taxation itself is a part of Commerce, and the Government may be fairly considered as a great manufacturing house carrying on in different places, by means of its partners and overseers, the trades of the ship-builder, the clothier, the iron-founder, &c. &c.

There are so many real evils, so many just causes of complaint in the Constitution and Administration of Governments, our own not excepted, that it becomes the imperious Duty of every Well-wisher of his country, to prevent, as much as in him lies, the feelings and efforts of his compatriots from losing themselves on a wrong scent. Whether a System of Taxation is injurious or beneficial on the whole, is to be known, not by the amount of the sum taken from each individual, but by that which remains behind. A War will doubtless cause a stagnation of certain branches of Trade, and severe temporary distress in the places where those branches are carried on; but are not the same effects produced in time of Peace by prohibitory edicts and commercial

regulations of foreign powers, or by new rivals with superior advantages in other countries, or in different parts of the same? Bristol has, doubtless, been injured by the rapid prosperity of Liverpool and its superior spirit of Enterprize; and the vast Machines of Lancashire have overwhelmed and rendered hopeless the domestic industry of the females in the cottages and small farm-houses of Westmorland and Cumberland. But if Peace has its stagnations as well as War, does not War create or re-enliven numerous branches of Industry as well as Peace? Is it not a fact, that not only our own military and naval forces, but even a part of those of our enemy are armed and cloathed by British manufacturers? It cannot be doubted, that the whole of our immense military force is better and more expensively cloathed, and both these and our sailors better fed than the same persons would be in their individual capacities: and this forms one of the real expences of War. Not, I say, that so much more money is raised, but that so much more of the means of comfortable existence are consumed, than would otherwise have

been. But does not this, like all other luxury, act as a stimulus on the producing classes, and this in the most useful manner, and on the most important branches of production, on the tiller, on the grazier, the clothier, and the maker of arms? Had it been otherwise, is it possible that the receipts from the Property Tax should have increased instead of decreased, notwithstanding all the rage of our enemy?

Surely, never from the beginning of the world was such a tribute of admiration paid by one power to another, as Bonaparte within the last years has paid to the British Empire! With all the natural and artificial powers of almost the whole of continental Europe, with all the fences and obstacles of all public and private morality broken down before him, with a mighty empire of fifty millions of men, nearly two-thirds of whom speak the same language, and are as it were fused together by the intensest nationality; with this mighty and swarming empire, organized in all its parts for war, and forming one huge camp, and himself combining in his own person the two-fold

power of Monarch and Commander in Chief, with all these advantages, with all these stupendous instruments and inexhaustible resources of offence, this mighty Being finds himself imprisoned by the enemy whom he most hates and would fain despise, insulted by every wave that breaks upon his shores, and condemned to behold his vast flotillas as worthless and idle as the sea-weed that rots around their keels! After years of haughty menace and expensive preparations for the invasion of an island, the trees and buildings of which are visible from the roofs of his naval store-houses, he is at length compelled to make open confession, that he possesses one mean only of ruining Great Britain. And what is it? The ruin of his own enslaved subjects! To undermine the resources of one enemy, he reduces the Continent of Europe to the wretched state in which it was before the wide diffusions of Trade and Commerce, deprives its inhabitants of comforts and advantages to which they and their fathers had been for more than a century, habituated, and thus destroys, as far as his power extends a principal source of civiliza-

tion, the origin of a *middle class* throughout Christendom, and with it the true balance of society, the parent of international law, the foster-nurse of general humanity, and (to sum up all in one) the main principle of attraction and repulsion, by which the nations were rapidly though insensibly drawing together into one system, and by which alone they could combine the manifold blessings of distinct character and national independence, with the needful stimulation and general influences of intercommunity, and be virtually united without being crushed together by conquest, in order to waste away under the tabes and slow putrefaction of a universal monarchy. This boasted Pacificator of the World, this *earthly Providence*,* as his Catholic Bishops blasphe-

* It has been well remarked, that there is something far more shocking in the tyrant's pretensions to the gracious attributes of the Supreme Ruler, than in his most remorseless cruelties. There is a sort of wild grandeur, not ungratifying to the imagination, in the answer of Timur Khan to one who remonstrated with him on the *inhumanity* of his devastations: cur me hominem putas, et non potius iram Dei in terris agentem ob perniciem

mously call him, professes to entertain no hope of purchasing the destruction of Great Britain at a less price than that of the barbarism of all Europe! By the ordinary war of government against government, fleets against fleets, and armies against armies, he could effect nothing. His fleets might as well have been built at his own expence in *our* Dockyards, as tribute-offerings to the Masters of the Ocean: and his Army of England lay encamped on his Coasts like Wolves baying the Moon!

Delightful to humane and contemptlative minds was the idea of countless individul efforts working together by a common instinct and to a common object, under the protection of an unwritten code of religion, philosophy, and common interest, which made peace and brotherhood co-exist with the most active hostility. Not in the untamed Plains of Tartary, but in the very bosom of civilization, and him-

humani generis? Why do you deem me a *man*, and not rather the incarnate wrath of God acting on the earth for the ruin of mankind?

self indebted to its fostering care for his own education and for all the means of his elevation and power, did this genuine offspring of the old serpent warm himself into the fiend-like resolve of waging war against mankind and the quiet growth of the world's improvement, in an emphatic sense the enemy of the human race! By these means only he deems Great Britain assailable, (a strong presumption, that our prosperity is built on the common interests of mankind!)—this he acknowledges to be his only hope—and in this hope he has been utterly baffled!

To what then do we owe our strength and our immunity? The sovereignty of law: the incorruptness of its administration; the number and political importance of our religious sects, which in an incalculable degree have added to the dignity of the establishment; the purity, or at least the decorum of private morals, and the independence, activity, and weight, of public opinion? These and similar advantages are doubtless the *materials* of the fortress, but what has been the cement? What has bound them together? What has rendered

Great Britain, from the Orkneys to the Rocks of Scilly, indeed and with more than metaphorical propriety a BODY POLITIC, our Roads, Rivers, and Canals being so truly the veins, arteries, and nerves, of the state; that every pulse in the metropolis produces a correspondent pulsation in the remotest village on its extreme shores! What made the stoppage of the national Bank the conversation of a day without causing one irregular throb, or the stagnation of the commercial current in the minutest vessel? I answer without hesitation, that the cause and mother principle of this unexampled confidence, of this *system* of credit, which is as much stronger than mere positive possessions, as the soul of man is than his body, or as the force of a mighty mass in free momotion, than the pressure of its separate component parts would be in a state of rest—the main cause of this, I say, has been our NATIONAL DEBT. What its injurious effects on the Literature, the Morals, and religious Principles, have been, I shall hereafter develope with the same boldness. But as to our political strength and circumstantial prosperity, it

is the national debt which has wedded in indissoluble union all the interests of the state, the landed with the commercial, and the man of independent fortune with the stirring tradesman and reposing annuitant. It is the National Debt, which by the rapid nominal rise in the value of things, has made it impossible for any considerable number of men to retain their own former comforts without joining in the common industry, and adding to the stock of national produce; which thus first necessitates a general activity, and then by the immediate and ample credit, which is never wanting to him, who has any object on which his activity can employ itself, gives each man the means not only of preserving but of encreasing and multiplying all his former enjoyments, and all the symbols of the rank in which he was born. It is this which has planted the naked hills and enclosed the bleak wastes, in the lowlands of Scotland not less than in the wealthier districts of South Britain: it is this, which leaving all the other causes of patriotism and national fervor undiminished and uninjured, has added to our public duties the same feeling of neces-

sity, the same sense of immediate self-interest, which in other countries actuates the members of a single family in their conduct toward each other.

Somewhat more than a year ago, I happened to be on a visit with a friend, in a small market town in the South-West of England, when one of the company turned the conversation to the weight of Taxes and the consequent hardness of the times. I answered, that if the Taxes were a real weight, and that in proportion to their amount, we must have been ruined long ago: for Mr. Hume, who had proceeded, as on a self-evident axiom, on the hypothesis, that a debt of a nation was the same as a debt of an individual, had declared our ruin arithmetically demonstrable, if the national debt encreased beyond a certain sum. Since his time it has more than quintupled that sum, and yet—True, answered my Friend, but the principle might be right though he might have been mistaken in the time. But still, I rejoined, if the principle were right, the *nearer* we came to that given point, and the greater and the more active the pernicious cause be-

came, the more manifest would its effects be. We might not be absolutely ruined, but our embarrassments would encrease in some proportion to their cause. Whereas instead of being poorer and poorer, we are richer and richer. Will any man in his senses contend, that the actual labour and produce of the country has not only been decupled within half a century, but increased so prodigiously beyond that decuple as to make six hundred millions a less weight to us than fifty millions were in the days of our grandfathers? But if it really be so, to what can we attribute this stupendous progression of national improvement, but to that system of credit and paper currency, of which the National Debt is both the reservoir and the water-works? A constant cause should have constant effects; but if you deem that this is some anomaly, some strange exception to the general rule, explain its mode of operation, make it comprehensible, how a cause acting on a whole nation can produce a regular and rapid encrease of prosperity to a certain point, and then all at once pass from an Angel of Light into a Dæmon of

Destruction? That an individual house may live more and more luxuriously upon borrowed funds, and that when the suspicions of the creditors are awakened, and their patience exhausted, the luxurious spendthrift may all at once exchange his Palace for a Prison—this I can understand perfectly: for I understand, whence the luxuries could be produced for the consumption of the individual house, and who the creditors might be, and that it might be both their inclination and their interests to demand the debt, and to punish the insolvent Debtor. But who are a Nation's Creditors? The answer is, every Man to every Man. Whose possible interest could it be either to demand the Principal, or to refuse his share toward the means of paying the Interest? Not the Merchant's: for he would but provoke a crash of Bankruptcy, in which his own House would as necessarily be included, as a single card in a house of cards! Not the landholder's: for in the general destruction of all credit, how could he obtain payment for the Produce of his Estates? Not to mention the improbability that he would remain the undisturbed Possessor

in so direful a concussion—not to mention that on him must fall the whole weight of the public necessities—not to mention, that from the merchant's credit depends the ever-encreasing value of his land and the readiest means of improving it. Neither could it be the labourer's interest: for he must be either thrown out of employ, and lie like the fish in the bed of a River from which the water has been diverted, or have the value of his labour reduced to nothing by the inruption of eager competitors. But least of all could it be the wish of the lovers of liberty, which must needs perish or be suspended, either by the horrors of anarchy, or by the absolute Power, with which the Government must be invested, in order to prevent them. In short, with the exception of men desperate from guilt or debt, or mad with the blackest ambition, there is no class or description of men who can have the least Interest in producing or permitting a Bankruptcy. If then, neither experience has acquainted us with any national impoverishment or embarrassment from the increase of National Debt, nor theory renders such efforts compre-

hensible, (for the predictions of Hume went on the false assumption, that a part only of the Nation was interested in the preservation of the Public Credit) on what authority are we to ground our apprehensions? Does History record a single Nation, in which relatively to Taxation there were no privileged or ex-exempted classes, in which there were no compulsory prices of labour, and in which the interest of all the different classes and all the different districts, were mutually dependent and vitally co-organized, as in Great Britain—has History, I say, recorded a single instance of such a Nation ruined or dissolved by the weight of Taxation? In France there was no public credit, no communion of Interests: its unprincipled Government and the productive and taxable Classes were as two Individuals with separate Interests. Its Bankruptcy and the consequences of it are sufficiently comprehensible. Yet the *Cahiers*, or the instructions and complaints sent to the National Assembly, from the Towns and Provinces of France, (an immense mass of documents indeed, but without examination and

patient perusal of which, no man is entitled to write a History of the French Revolution) these proved, beyond contradiction, that the amount of the Taxes was one only, and that a sobordinate cause of the revolutionary movement. Indeed, if the amount of the Taxes could be disjoined from the mode of raising them, it might be fairly denied to have been a cause at all. Holland was taxed as heavily and as equally as ourselves; but was it by Taxation that Holland was reduced to its present miseries?

The mode in which Taxes are supposed to act on the marketableness of our manufactures in foreign marts, I shall examine on some future occasion, when I shall endeavour to explain in a more satisfactory way than has been hitherto done, to my apprehension at least, the real mode in which Taxes act, and how and why and to what extent they affect the wealth, and what is of more consequence, the well-being of a nation. But in the present exigency, when the safety of the nation depends, on the one hand, on the sense which the people at large have of the comparative

excellencies of the Laws and Government, and on the firmness and wisdom of the legislators and enlightened classes in detecting, exposing, and removing its many particular abuses and corruptions on the other, right views on this subject of Taxation are of such especial importance; and I have besides in my inmost nature such a loathing of factious falsehoods and mob-*sycophancy*, i. e. the flattering of the multitude by *informing* against their betters; that I cannot but revert to that point of the subject from which I began, namely, that THE WEIGHT OF TAXES IS TO BE CALCULATED NOT BY WHAT IS PAID, BUT BY WHAT IS LEFT. What matters it to a man, that he pays six times more Taxes than his father did, if, notwithstanding, he with the same portion of exertion enjoys twice the comforts which his father did? Now this I solemnly affirm to be the case in general, throughout England, according to all the facts which I have collected during an examination of years, wherever I have travelled, and wherever I have been resident. (I do not speak of Ireland, or the lowlands of Scotland:

and if I may trust to what I myself saw and heard there, I must even *except* the Highlands.) In the conversation which I have spoken of as taking place in the south-west of England, by the assistance of one or other of the company, we went through every family in the town and neighbourhood, and my assertion was found completely accurate, though the place had no one advantage over others, and many disadvantages, that heavy one in particular, the non-residence and frequent change of its Rectors, the living being always given to one of the Canons of Windsor, and resigned on the acceptance of better preferment. It was even asserted, and not only asserted but proved, by my friend (who has from his earliest youth devoted a strong, original understanding, and a heart warm and benevolent even to enthusiasm, to the service of the poor and the labouring class,) that every sober Labourer, in that part of England at least, who should not marry till thirty, might, without any hardship or extreme self-denial, commence housekeeping at the age of thirty, with from a hundred to a hundred and twenty pounds be-

longing to him. I have no doubt, that on seeing this Essay, my friend will communicate to me the proof in detail. But the price of labour in the south-west of England is full one-third less than in the greater number, if not all, of the Northern Counties. What then is wanting? Not the repeal of Taxes; but the encreased activity both of the gentry and clergy of the land, in securing the *instruction* of the lower classes. A system of education is wanting, such a system as that discovered, and to the blessings of thousands realized, by Dr. Bell, which I never am, or can be weary of praising, while my heart retains any spark of regard for Human Nature, or of reverence for Human Virtue—A system, by which in the very act of receiving knowledge, the best virtues and most useful qualities of the moral character are awakened, developed, and formed into habits. Were there a Bishop of Durham (no odds whether a temporal or a spiritual Lord) in every county or half county, and a Clergyman enlightened with the views and animated with the spirit of Dr. Bell, in every parish, we might bid de-

fiance to the present weight of Taxes, and boldly challenge the whole world to shew a Peasantry as well fed and cloathed as the English, or with equal chances of improving their situation, and of securing an old age of repose and comfort to a life of chearful industry.

I will add one other anecdote, as it demonstrates, incontrovertibly, the error of the vulgar opinion, that Taxes make things really dear, taking in the whole of a man's expenditure. A friend of mine, who has passed some years in America, was questioned by an American tradesman, in one of their cities of the second class, concerning the names and number of our Taxes and Rates. The answer seemed perfectly to astound him: and he exclaimed, "How is it possible that men can live in such a country? In *this* land of liberty we never see the face of a Tax-gatherer, nor hear of a duty except in our sea-ports." My friend, who was perfect master of the question, made semblance of turning off the conversation to another subject: and then, without any apparent reference to the former topic, asked

the American, for what sum he thought a man could live in such and such a style, with so many servants, in a house of such dimensions and such a situation (still keeping in his mind the situation of a thriving and respectable shop-keeper and householder in different parts of England,) first supposing him to reside in Philadelphia or New York, and then in some town of secondary importance. Having received a detailed answer to these questions, he proceeded to convince the American, that notwithstanding all our Taxes, a man might live in the same style, but with incomparably greater comforts, on the same income in London as in New York, and on a considerably less income in Exeter or Bristol, than in any American provincial town of the same relative importance. It would be insulting my Readers to discuss on how much less a person may vegetate or brutalize in the back settlements of the republic, than he could live as a man, as a rational and social being, in an English village; and it would be wasting time to inform him, that where men are comparatively few, and unoccupied land is in inexhaustible

abundance, the Labourer and common Mechanic must needs receive (not only nominally but really) higher wages than in a populous and fully occupied country. But that the American Labourer is therefore happier, or even in possession of more comforts and conveniences of life than a sober or industrious English Labourer or Mechanic, remains to be proved. In conducting the comparison we must not however exclude the operation of moral causes, when these causes are not accidental, but arise out of the nature of the country and the constitution of the Government and Society. This being the case, take away from the American's wages all the Taxes which his insolence, sloth, and attachment to spiritous liquors impose on him, and judge of the remainder by his house, his household furniture, and utensils—and if I have not been grievously deceived by those whose veracity and good sense I have found unquestionable in all other respects, the cottage of an honest English husbandman, in the service of an enlightened and liberal Farmer, who is paid for his labour at the price usual in Yorkshire or Northumber-

land, would in the mind of a man in the same rank of life, who had seen a true account of America, excite no ideas favourable to emigration. This however, I confess, is a balance of morals rather than of circumstances: it proves, however, that where foresight and good morals exist, the TAXES do not stand in the way of an industrious man's comforts.

Dr. Price almost succeeded in persuading the English nation (for it is a curious fact, that the fancy of our calamitous situation is a sort of necessary sauce without which our real prosperity would become insipid to us) Dr. Price, I say, alarmed the country with pretended proofs that the island was in a rapid state of depopulation, that England at the Revolution had been, Heaven knows how much! more populous; and that in queen Elizabeth's time or about the Reformation (!!!) the number of inhabitants in England, might have been greater than even at the Revolution. My old mathematical master, a man of an uncommonly clear head, answered this blundering book of the worthy Doctor's, and left not a stone unturned of the pompous cenotaph

in which the effigy of the still living and bustling English prosperity lay interred. And yet so much more suitable was the Doctor's book to the purposes of faction, and to the November mood of (what is called) the PUBLIC, that Mr. Wales's pamphlet, though a masterpiece of perspicacity as well as perspicuity, was scarcely heard of. This tendency to political night-mares in our countrymen reminds me of a superstition, or rather nervous disease, not uncommon in the highlands of Scotland, in which men, though broad awake, imagine they see themselves lying dead at a small distance from them. The act of Parliament for ascertaining the population of the empire has laid for ever this uneasy ghost: and now, forsooth! we are on the brink of ruin from the excess of population, and he who would prevent the poor from rotting away in disease, misery, and wickedness, is an enemy to his country! A lately deceased miser, of immense wealth, is reported to have been so delighted with this splendid discovery, as to have offered a handsome annuity to the Author, in part of payment, for this new and

welcome piece of *heart-armour.* This, however, we may deduce from the fact of our encreased population, that if cloathing and food had *actually* become dearer in proportion to the means of procuring them, it would be as absurd to ascribe this effect to encreased Taxation, as to attribute the scantiness of fare, at a public ordinary, to the landlord's bill, when twice the usual number of guests had sat down to the same number of dishes. But the fact is notoriously otherwise, and every man has the means of discovering it in his own house and in that of his neighbours, provided that he makes the proper allowances for the disturbing forces of individual vice and imprudence. If this be the case, I put it to the consciences of our literary demagogues, whether a lie, for the purposes of creating public disunion and dejection, is not as much a lie, as one for the purpose of exciting discord among individuals. I entreat my readers to recollect, that the present question does not concern the effects of taxation on the public independence and on the supposed balance of the three constitutional powers, (from which said balance,

as well as from the balance of trade, I own, I have never been able to elicit one ray of common sense.) That the nature of our constitution has been greatly modified by the funding system, I do not deny: whether for good or for evil, on the whole, will form part of my Essay on the British Constitution as it actually exists.

There are many and great public evils, all of which are to be lamented, some of which may be, and ought to be removed, and none of which can consistently with wisdom or honesty be kept concealed from the public. As far as these originate in false PRINCIPLES, or in the contempt or neglect of right ones (and as such belonging to the plan of THE FRIEND,) I shall not hesitate to make known my opinions concerning them, with the same fearless simplicity with which I have endeavoured to expose the errors of discontent and the artifices of faction. But for the very reason that there are great evils, the more does it behove us not to open out on a false scent.

I will conclude this Essay with the examination of an article in a provincial paper of a recent date, which is now lying before me; the

accidental perusal of which, occasioned the whole of the preceding remarks. In order to guard against a possible mistake, I must premise, that I have not the most distant intention of defending the plan or conduct of our late expeditions, and should be grossly calumniated if I were represented as an advocate for carelessness or prodigality in the management of the public purse. The public money may or may not have been culpably wasted. I confine myself entirely to the general falsehood of the principle in the article here cited; for I am convinced, that any hopes of reform originating in such notions, must end in disappointment and public mockery.

"*ONLY A FEW MILLIONS!*

We have unfortunately of late been so much accustomed to read of millions being spent in one expedition, and millions being spent in another, that a comparative insignificance is attached to an immense sum of money, by calling it *only a few millions.* Perhaps some of our readers may have their judgment a little improved by making a few calculations, like those below, on the millions which it has been estimated will be lost to the nation by the late expedition to Holland; and then perhaps, they will be led to reflect on the many millions

which are annually expended in expeditions, which have almost invariably ended in absolute loss.

In the first place, with less money than it cost the nation to take Walcheren, &c. with the view of taking or destroying the French fleet at Antwerp, consisting of nine sail of the line, we conld have completely built and equipped, ready for sea, a fleet of upwards of *one hundred sail of the line.*

Or, secondly, a new town could be built in every county of England, and each town consist of upwards of 1,000 substantial houses for a less sum.

Or, thirdly, it would have been enough to give 100*l.* to 2,000 poor families in every county in England and Wales.

Or, fourthly, it would be more than sufficient to give a handsome marriage portion to 200,000 young women, who probably, if they had even less than 50*l.* would not long remain unsolicited to enter the happy state.

Or, fifthly, a much less sum would enable the legislature to establish a life boat in every port in the United Kingdom, and provide for 10 or 12 men to be kept in constant attendance on each; and 100,000*l.* conld be funded, the interest of which to be applied in premiums to those who should prove to be particularly active in saving lives from wrecks, &c. and to provide for the widows and children of those men who may accidentally lose their lives in the cause of humanity.

This interesting appropriation of 10 millions sterling,

may lead our readers to think of the *great good* that can be done by *only a few millions.*"

The exposure of this calculation will require but a few sentences. These ten millions were expended, I presume, in arms, artillery, ammunition, cloathing, provision, &c. &c. for about one hundred and twenty thousand British subjects: and I presume that all these *consumables* were produced by, and purchased from, other British subjects. Now during the building of these new towns for a thousand inhabitants each in every county, or the distribution of the hundred pound bank notes to the two thousand poor families, were the industrious ship-builders, clothiers, charcoal-burners, gunpowder-makers, gunsmiths, cutlers, cannon-founders, taylors, and shoemakers, to be left unemployed and starving? or our brave soldiers and sailors to have remained without food and raiment? And where is the proof, that these ten millions, which (observe) all remain in the kingdom, do not circulate as beneficially in the one way as they would in the other? Which is better? To give money to the idle, the houses to those who do not ask for them, and

towns to counties which have already perhaps too many? Or to afford opportunity to the industrious to earn their bread, and to the enterprizing to better their circumstances, and perhaps found new families of independent proprietors? The only mode, not absolutely absurd, of considering the subject, would be, not by the calculation of the *money* expended, but of the *labour* of which the money is a symbol. But *then* the question would be removed altogether from the expedition: for assuredly, neither the armies were raised, nor the fleets built or manned for the sake of conquering the Isle of Walcheren, nor would a single regiment have been disbanded, or a single sloop paid off, though the Isle of Walcheren had never existed. The whole dispute, therefore, resolves itself to this one question: whether our soldiers and sailors would not be better employed in making canals for instance, or cultivating waste lands, than in fighting or in learning to fight; and the tradesman, &c. in making grey coats instead of red or blue—and ploughshares, &c. instead of arms. When I reflect on the state of China and the moral

character of the Chinese, I dare not positively affirm that it *would* be better. When the fifteen millions, which form our present population, shall have attained to the same purity of morals and of primitive christianity, and shall be capable of being governed by the same admirable discipline, as the Society of the Friends, I doubt not that we should be all Quakers in this as in the other points of their moral doctrine. But were this transfer of employment desirable, is it *practicable* at present, is it in our power? These men *know*, that it is not. What then does all their reasoning amount to? Nonsense!——

# ESSAY IV.

I have not intentionally either hidden or disguised the Truth, like an advocate ashamed of his client, or a bribed accomptant who falsifies the quotient to make the bankrupt's ledgers square with the creditor's inventory. My conscience forbids the use of falsehood and the arts of concealment: and were it otherwise, yet I am persuaded, that a system which has produced and protected so great prosperity, cannot stand in need of them. If therefore Honesty and the Knowledge of the whole Truth be the things you aim at, you will find my principles suited to your ends: and as I like not the democratic forms, so am I not fond of any others above the rest. That a succession of wise and godly men may be secured to the nation in the highest power, is that to which I have directed your attention in this Essay, which if you will read, perhaps you may see the error of those principles which have led you into errors of practice. I wrote it purposely for the use of the multitude of well-meaning people, that are tempted in these times to usurp authority and meddle with government before they have any call from duty or tolerable understanding of its principles. I never intended it for learned

men versed in politics; but for such as will be practitioners before they have been students." — BAXTER'S *Holy Commonwealth, or Political Aphorisms.*

The metaphysical (or as I have proposed to call them, *metapolitical*) reasonings hitherto discussed, belong to Government in the abstract. But there is a second class of Reasoners, who argue for a change in our Government from former usage, and from statutes still in force, or which have been repealed, (so these writers affirm) either through a corrupt influence, or to ward off temporary hazard or inconvenience. This class, which is rendered illustrious by the names of many intelligent and virtuous patriots, are advocates for *reform* in the literal sense of the word. They wish to bring *back* the Government of Great Britain to a certain *form*, which they affirm it to have once possessed; and would melt the bullion anew in order to recast it in the original mould.

The answer to all arguments of this nature is obvious, and to my understanding appears decisive. These Reformers assume the character of Legislators or of Advisers of the

Legislature, not that of Law Judges or of appellants to Courts of Law. Sundry statutes concerning the rights of electors (we will suppose) still exist; so likewise do sundry statutes on other subjects (on witchcraft for instance) which change of circumstances have rendered obsolete, or increased information shewn to be absurd. It is evident, therefore, that the expediency of the regulations prescribed by them, and their suitableness to the existing circumstances of the kingdom, must first be proved: and on this proof must be rested all rational claims for the enforcement of the statutes that have not, no less than for the re-enacting of those that have been, repealed. If the authority of the men, who first enacted the Laws in question, is to weigh with us, it must be on the presumption that they were wise men. But the wisdom of Legislation consists in the adaptation of Laws to circumstances. If then it can be proved, that the circumstances, under which those laws were enacted, no longer exist; and that other circumstances altogether different, and in some instances opposite, have taken their place; we

have the best grounds for supposing, that if the men were now alive, they would not pass the same statutes. In other words, the spirit of the statute interpreted by the intention of the Legislator would annul the letter of it. It is not indeed impossible, that by a rare felicity of accident the same law may apply to two sets of circumstances. But surely the *presumption* is, that regulations well adapted for the manners, the social distinctions, and the state of property, of opinion, and of external relations of England in the reign of Alfred, or even in that of Edward the First, will not be well suited to Great Britain at the close of the reign of George the Third. For instance: at the time when the greater part of the cottagers and inferior farmers were in a state of villenage, when Sussex alone contained seven thousand, and the Isle of Wight twelve hundred families of bondsmen, it was the law of the land that every *freeman* should vote in the Assembly of the Nation personally or by his representative. An Act of Parliament in the year 1660 confirmed what a concurrence of causes had previously effected:—every English-

man is now *born* free, the laws of the land are the birth-right of every native, and with the exception of a few honorary privileges all classes obey the same laws. Now, argues one of our political writers, it being made the constitution of the land by our Saxon ancestors, that every freeman should have a vote, and all Englishmen being now born free, *therefore*, by the constitution of the land, every Englishman has now a right to a vote. How shall we reply to this without breach of that respect, to which the Reasoner at least, if not the Reasoning, is entitled? If it be the definition of a pun, that it is the confusion of two different meanings under the same or some similar sound, we might almost characterize this argument as being grounded on a grave pun. Our ancestors established the right of voting in a particular class of men, forming at that time the middle rank of society, and known to be all of them, or almost all, legal proprietors—and these were then called the Freemen of England: *therefore* they established it in the lowest classes of society, in those who possess no property, because these too are now

called by the same name!! Under a similar pretext, grounded on the same precious logic, a Mameluke Bey extorted a large contribution from the Egyptian Jews: "These books (the Pentateuch) are authentic?"—*Yes!* "Well, the debt then is acknowledged:—and now the receipt, or the money, or your heads! *The Jews* borrowed a large treasure from the Egyptians; but you are *the Jews*, and on you, therefore, I call for the repayment." Besides, if a law is to be interpreted by the known intention of its makers, the Parliament in 1660, which declared all natives of England freemen, but neither altered nor meant thereby to alter the limitations of the right of election, did to all intents and purposes except that right from the common privileges of Englishmen, as Englishmen.

A moment's reflection may convince us, that every single Statute is made under the knowledge of all the other Laws, with which it is meant to co-exist, and by which its action is to be modified and determined. In the legislative as in the religious code, the text must not be taken without the context. Now, I

think, we may safely leave it to the Reformers themselves to make choice between the civil and political privileges of Englishmen at present, considered as one sum total, and those of our Ancestors in any former period of our History, considered as another, on the old principle, *take one and leave the other; but whichever you take, take it all or none.* Laws seldom become obsolete as long as they are both useful and practicable; but should there be an exception, there is no other way of reviving its validity but by convincing the existing Legislature of its undiminished practicability and expedience: which in all essential points is the same as the recommending of a new Law. And this leads me to the third class of the advocates of Reform, those, namely, who leaving ancient statutes to Lawyers and Historians, and universal principles with the demonstrable deductions from them to the Schools of Logic, Mathematics, Theology, and Ethics, rest all their measures, which they wish to see adopted, wholly on their expediency. Consequently, they must hold themselves prepared to give such proof, as the

nature of comparative expediency admits, and to bring forward such evidence, as experience and the logic of probability can supply, that the plans which they recommend for adoption, are: first, practicable; secondly, suited to the existing circumstances; and lastly, necessary or at least requisite, and such as will enable the Government to accomplish more perfectly the ends for which it was instituted. These are the three indispensable conditions of all prudent change, the credentials, with which Wisdom never fails to furnish her public envoys. Whoever brings forward a measure that combines this threefold excellence, whether in the Cabinet, the Senate, or by means of the Press, merits emphatically the title of a patriotic Statesman. Neither are they without a fair claim to respectful attention as State-Counsellors, who fully aware of these conditions, and with a due sense of the difficulty of fulfilling them, employ their time and talents in making the attempt. An imperfect plan is not necessarily a useless plan: and in a complex enigma the greatest ingenuity is not always shewn by him who

first gives the compleat solution. The dwarf sees farther than the giant, when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.

Thus, as perspicuously as I could, I have exposed the erroneous principles of political Philosophy, and pointed out the one only ground on which the constitution of Governments can be either condemned or justified by wise men.

If I interpret aright the signs of the times, that branch of politics which relates to the necessity and practicability of infusing new life into our Legislature, as the best means of securing talent and wisdom in the Cabinet, will shortly occupy the public attention with a paramount interest.* I would gladly therefore suggest the proper state of feeling and the right preparatory notions with which this disquisition should be entered upon: and

* I am in doubt whether the five hundred petitions presented at the same time to the House of Commons by the Member for Westminster, are to be considered as a fulfilment of this prophecy. I have heard the echoes of a single blunderbuss, on one of our Cumberland lakes, imitate the volley from a whole regiment.

I do not know how I can effect this more naturally, than by relating the facts and circumstances which influenced my own mind. I can scarcely be accused of egotism as in the communications and conversations which I am about to mention as having occurred to me during my residence abroad, I am no otherwise the hero of the tale, than as being the passive receiver or auditor. But above all, let it not be forgotten, that in the following paragraphs I speak as a Christian Moralist, not as a Statesman.

To examine any thing wisely, two conditions are requisite: first, a distinct notion of the desirable ENDS, in the complete accomplishment of which would consist the perfection of such a thing, or its ideal excellence; and, secondly, a calm and kindly mode of feeling, without which we shall hardly fail either to overlook, or not to make due allowances for, the circumstances which prevent these ends from being all perfectly realized in the particular thing which we are to examine. For instance, we must have a general notion what a MAN can be and ought to be, before we can fitly proceed

to determine on the merits or demerits of any one individual. For the examination of our own Government, I prepared my mind, therefore, by a short Catechism, which I shall communicate in the next Essay, and on which the letter and anecdotes that follow, will, I flatter myself, be found an amusing, if not an instructive commentary.

## ESSAY V.

*Hoc potissimum pacto felicem ac magnum regem se fore judicans: non si quam plurimis sed si quam optimis imperet. Proinde parum esse putat justis præsidiis regnum suum muniisse, nisi idem viris eruditione juxta ac vitæ integritate præcellentibus ditet atque honestet. Nimirum intelligit hæc demum esse vera regni decora, has veras opes: hanc veram et nullis unquam seculis cessuram gloriam.*—Eras. Rot. R. S. Poncherio, Episc. Parisien. Epistola.

*Translation.*—Judging that he will have employed the most effectual means of being a happy and powerful king, not by governing the most numerous but the most moral people. He deemed of small sufficiency to have protected the country by fleets and garrison, unless he should at the same time enrich and ornament it with men of eminent learning and sanctity.

IN what do all States agree? A number of men—exert—powers—in union. Wherein do they differ? 1st. In the quality and quantity of the *powers*. *One State possesses Chemists,*

*Mechanists, Mechanics of all kinds, Men of Science; and the arts of war and peace; and its Citizens naturally strong and of habitual courage. Another State may possess none or a few only of these, or the same more imperfectly. Or of two States possessing the same in equal perfection the one is more numerous than the other, as France and Switzerland.* 2d. In the more or less perfect union of these powers. *Compare Mr. Leckie's valuable and authentic documents respecting the state of Sicily with the preceding Essay on Taxation.* 3dly. In the greater or less activity of exertion. *Think of the ecclesiastical State and its silent metropolis, and then of the county of Lancaster and the towns of Manchester and Liverpool.* What is the condition of powers exerted in union by a number of men? A Government. What are the ends of Government? They are of two kinds, negative and positive. The negative ends of Government are the protection of life, of personal freedom, of property, of reputation, and of religion, from foreign and from domestic attacks. The positive ends

are, 1st. to make the means of subsistence more easy to each individual: 2d. that in addition to the necessaries of life he should derive from the union and division of labour a share of the comforts and conveniencies which humanize and ennoble his nature; and at the same time the power of perfecting himself in his own branch of industry by having those things which he needs provided for him by others among his fellow-citizens; including the tools and raw or manufactured materials necessary for his own employment. *I knew a profound mathematician in Sicily, who had devoted a full third of his life to the perfecting the discovery of the Longitude, and who had convinced not only himsetf but the principal mathematicians of Messina and Palermo that he had succeeded; but neither throughout Sicily or Naples could he find a single Artist capable of constructing the instrument which he had invented.* * 3dly. The

* The good old man, who is poor, old, and blind, universally esteemed for the innocence and austerity of his life not less than for his learning, and yet universally neglected, except by persons almost as poor

hope of bettering his own condition and that of his children. *The civilized man gives up those stimulants of hope and fear which constitute the chief charm of the savage life: and yet his Maker has distinguished him from the brute that perishes, by making Hope an instinct of his nature and an indispensible condition of his moral and intellectual progression. But a natural instinct constitutes a natural right, as far as its gratification is compatible with the equal rights of others. Hence our ancestors classed those who were bound to the soil (addicti glebæ) and incapable by law of altering their condition from that of their parents, as bondsmen or*

as himself, strongly reminded me of a German epigram on Kepler, which may be thus translated:

No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high
As Kepler—yet his country saw him die
For very want! the *minds* alone he fed,
And so the *bodies* left him without bread.

The good old man presented me with the book in which he has described and demonstrated his invention: and I should with great pleasure transmit it to any mathematician who would feel an interest in examining it and communicating his opinions on its merits.

*villans, however advantageously they might otherwise be situated. Reflect on the direful effects of casts in Hindostan, and then transfer yourself in fancy to an English cottage,*

> "Where o'er the cradled Infant bending
> Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,"

*and the fond mother dreams of her child's future fortunes—who knows but he may come home a rich merchant, like such a one? or be a bishop or a judge? The prizes are indeed few and rare; but still they are possible: and the hope is universal, and perhaps occasions more happiness than even its fulfilment.* Lastly, the developement of those faculties which are essential to his human nature by the knowledge of his moral and religious duties, and the increase of his intellectual powers in as great a degree as is compatible with the other ends of social union, and does not involve a contradiction. *The poorest Briton possesses much and important knowledge, which he would not have had, if Newton, Luther, Calvin, and their compeers had not existed; but it is evident that the means of*

*science and learning could not exist, if all men had a right to be made profound Mathematicians or men of extensive erudition. Still instruction is one of the ends of Government: for it is that only which makes the abandonment of the savage state an* ABSOLUTE DUTY: *and that Constitution is the best, under which the average sum of useful knowledge is the greatest, and the causes that awaken and encourage talent and genius, the most powerful and various.*

These were my preparatory notions. The influences under which I proceeded to re-examine our own Constitution, were the following, which I give, not exactly as they occurred, but in the order in which they will be illustrative of the different articles of the preceding paragraph. That we are better and happier than others is indeed no reason for our not becoming still better; especially as with states, as well as individuals, not to be progressive is to be retrograde. Yet the comparison will usefully temper the desire of improvement with love and a sense of gratitude for what we already are.

Decatur

I. A LETTER *received, at Malta, from an American officer of high rank, who has since received the thanks and rewards of the congress for his services in the Mediterranean.*

SIR, GRAND CAIRO, Dec. 13, 1804.

The same reason, which induced me to request letters of introduction to his Britannic Majesty's Agents here, suggested the propriety of shewing an English jack at the main top-gallant mast head, on entering the port of Alexandria on the 26th ult. The signal was recognized; and Mr. B——was immediately on board.

We found in port, a Turkish Vice Admiral, with a ship of the line, and six frigates; a part of which squadron is stationed there to preserve the tranquillity of the country; with just as much influence as the same number of Pelicans would have on the same station.

On entering and passing the streets of Alexandria, I could not but notice the very marked satisfaction, which every expression and every countenance of all denominations of people,

Turks and Frenchmen only excepted, manifested under an impression that we were the avant-courier of an English army. They had conceived this from observing the English jack at our main, taking our flag perhaps for that of a saint, and because as is common enough every where, they were ready to believe what they wished. It would have been cruel to have undeceived them: consequently without positively assuming it, we passed in the character of Englishmen among the middle and lower orders of society, and as their allies among those of better information. Wherever we entered or wherever halted, we were surrounded by the wretched inhabitants; and stunned with their benedictions and prayers for blessings on us. "Will the English come? Are they coming? God grant the English may come! we have no commerce—we have no money—we have no bread! When will the English arrive!" My answer was uniformly, *Patience!* The same tone was heard at Rosetta as among the Alexandrians, indicative of the same dispositions; only it was not so loud, because the inhabitants are less miserable, although with-

out any traits of happiness. On the fourth we left that village for Cairo, and for our security as well as to facilitate our procurement of accommodations during our voyage, as well as our stay there, the resident directed his secretary, Capt. V——, to accompany us, and to give us lodgings in his house. We ascended the Nile leisurely, and calling at several villages, it was plainly perceivable that the rational partiality, the strong and open expression of which proclaimed so loudly the feelings of the Egyptians of the sea coast, was general throughout the country: and the prayers for the return of the English as earnest as universal.

On the morning of the sixth we went on shore at the village of Sabour. The villagers expressed an enthusiastic gladness at seeing *red* and *blue* uniforms and *round* hats (the French, I believe, wear three-cornered ones.) Two days before, five hundred Albanian deserters from the Viceroy's army had pillaged and left this village; at which they had lived at free quarters about four weeks.—The famishing inhabitants were now distressed with

apprehensions from another quarter. A company of wild Arabs were encamped in sight. They dreaded their ravages and apprized us of danger from them. We were eighteen in the party, well armed; and a pretty brisk fire which we raised around the numerous flocks of pigeons and other small fowl in the environs, must have deterred them from mischief, if, as is most probable, they had meditated any against us. Scarcely, however, were we on board and under weigh, when we saw these mounted marauders of the desart fall furiously upon the herds of camels, buffaloes, and cattle of the village, and drove many of them off wholly unannoyed on the part of the unresisting inhabitants, unless their *shrieks* could be deemed an annoyance. They afterwards attacked and robbed several unarmed boats, which were a few hours astern of us. The most insensible must surely have been moved by the situation of the peasants of that village. The while we were listening to their complaints, they kissed our hands, and with prostrations to the ground, rendered more affecting by the inflamed state of the eyes almost univer-

sal amongst them, and which the new traveller might venially imagine to have been the immediate effect of weeping and anguish, they all implored *English* succour. Their shrieks at the assault of the wild Arabs seemed to implore the same still more forcibly, while it testified what multiplied reasons they had to implore it. I confess, I felt an almost insurmountable impulse to bring our little party to their relief, and might perhaps have done a rash act, had it not been for the calm and just observation of Captain V——'s that "these were common occurrences, and that any relief which we could afford, would not merely be only temporary, but would exasperate the plunderers to still more atrocious outrages after our departure."

On the morning of the seventh we landed near a village. At our approach the villagers fled: signals of friendship brought some of them to us. When they were told that we were Englishmen, they flocked around us with demonstrations of joy, offered their services, and raised loud ejaculations for our establishment in the country. Here we could not procure a

pint of milk for our coffee. The inhabitants had been plundered and chased from their habitations by the Albanians and Desert Arabs, and it was but the preceding day, they had returned to their naked cottages.

Grand Cairo differs from the places already passed, only as the presence of the tyrant stamps silence on the lips of misery with the seal of terror. Wretchedness here assumes the form of melancholy; but the few whispers that are hazarded, convey the same feelings and the same wishes. And wherein does this misery and consequent spirit of revolution consist? Not in any *form* of government but in a formless despotism, an anarchy indeed! for it amounts literally to an annihilation of every thing that can merit the name of government or justify the use of the word even in the laxest sense. Egypt is under the most frightful despotism, yet has no master! The Turkish soldiery, restrained by no discipline, seize every thing by violence, not only all that their necessities dictate, but whatever their caprices suggest. The Mamelukes, who dispute with these the right of domination, procure them-

selves subsistence by means as lawless though less insupportably oppressive. And the wild Arabs availing themselves of the occasion, plunder the defenceless wherever they find plunder. To finish the whole, the talons of the Viceroy fix on every thing which can be changed into currency, in order to find the means of supporting an ungoverned, disorganized banditti of foreign troops, who receive the harvest of his oppression, desert and betray him. Of all this rapine, robbery, and extortion, the wretched cultivators of the soil are the perpetual victims.—A spirit of revolution is the natural consequence.

The reason the inhabitants of this country give for preferring the English to the French, whether true or false, is as natural as it is simple, and as influential as natural. "The English," say they, "pay for every thing—the French pay nothing, and take every thing." They do not like this kind of deliverers.———

Well, thought I, after the perusal of this Letter, the Slave Trade (which had not then been abolished) is a dreadful crime, an *English*

iniquity! and to sanction its continuance under full conviction and parliamentary confession of its injustice and inhumanity, is, if possible, still blacker guilt. Would that our discontents were for a while confined to our moral wants! whatever may be the defects of our Constitution, we have at least an effective Government, and that too composed of men who were born with us and are to die among us. We are at least preserved from the incursions of foreign enemies; the intercommunion of interests precludes a civil war, and the volunteer spirit of the nation equally with its laws, give to the darkest lanes of our crowded metropolis that quiet and security which the remotest villager at the cataracts of the Nile prays for in vain, in his mud hovel!

*Not yet enslaved nor wholly vile,*
O Albion, O my mother isle!
Thy vallies fair, as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells,
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glitt'ring dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)

And ocean mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child.
Hence for many a fearless age
Has social quiet lov'd thy shore;
Nor ever sworded warrior's rage
Or sack'd thy towers or stain'd thy fields with gore.

Coleridge's Poems.

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II. *Anecdote of* Buonaparte.

Buonaparte, during his short stay at Malta, called out the Maltese regiments raised by the Knights, amounting to fifteen hundred of the stoutest young men of the islands. As they were drawn up on the parade, he informed them, in a bombastic harangue, that he had restored them to liberty; but in proof that his attachment to them was not bounded by this benefaction, he would now give them an opportunity of adding glory to freedom—and concluding by asking who of them would march forward to be his fellow-soldier on the banks of the Nile, and contribute a flower of Maltese heroism to the immortal wreaths of fame, with which he meant to crown the Pyramids of Egypt! Not a man stirred: all gave a silent refusal. They were instantly

surrounded by a regiment of French soldiers, marched to the Marino, forced on board the transports, and threatened with death if any one of them attempted his escape, or should be discovered in any part of the islands of Malta or Goza. At Alexandria they were always put in the front, both to save the French soldiery, and to prevent their running away: and of the whole number, fifty only survived to revisit their native country. From one of these survivors I first learnt this fact, which was afterwards confirmed to me by several of his remaining comrades, as well as by the most respectable inhabitants of Vilette.

This anecdote recalled to my mind an accidental conversation with an old countryman in a central district of Germany. I purposely omit names because the day of retribution has come and gone by. I was looking at a strong fortress in the distance, which formed a highly interesting object in a rich and varied landscape, and asked the old man, who had stopped to gaze at me, its name, &c. adding—how beautiful it looks! It may be well enough

to look at, answered he, but God keep all Christians from being taken thither! He then proceeded to gratify the curiosity which he had thus excited, by informing me that the Baron ——— had been taken out of his bed at midnight and carried to that fortress—that he was not heard of for nearly two years, when a soldier who had fled over the boundaries sent information to his family of the place and mode of his imprisonment. As I have no design to work on the feelings of my readers, I pass over the shocking detail: had not the language and countenance of my informant precluded such a suspicion, I might have supposed that he had been repeating some tale of horror from a Romance of the dark ages. What was his crime! I asked—The report is, said the old man, that in his capacity as minister he had remonstrated with the ——— concerning the extravagance of his mistress, an outlandish countess; and that she in revenge persuaded the sovereign, that it was the Baron who had communicated to a Professor at Gottingen the particulars of the infamous sale of some thousand of his subjects as soldiers.

On the same day I discovered in the landlord of a small public house one of the men who had been thus sold. He seemed highly delighted in entertaining an English gentleman, and in once more talking English after a lapse of so many years. He was far from regretting this incident in his life, but his account of the manner in which they were forced away, accorded in so many particulars with Schiller's empassioned description of the same, or a similar scene, in his Tragedy of CABAL and LOVE, as to leave a perfect conviction on my mind, that the dramatic pathos of that description was not greater than its historic fidelity.

As I was thus reflecting, I glanced my eye on the leading paragraph of a London newspaper, containing much angry declamation, and some bitter truths, respecting our military arrangements. It were in vain, thought I, to deny that the influence of parliamentary interest, which prevents the immense patronage of the crown from becoming a despotic power, is not the most likely to secure the ablest commanders or the fittest persons for the management of our foreign empire. However, thank

heaven! if we fight, we fight for our own king and country: and grievances which may be publicly complained of, there is some chance of seeing remedied.

III. A celebrated Professor in a German University, shewed me a very pleasing print, entitled, "Toleration."—A Catholic Priest, a Lutheran Divine, a Calvinist Minister, a Quaker, a Jew, and a Philosopher, were represented sitting round the same table, over which a winged figure hovered in the attitude of protection. For this harmless print, said my friend, the artist was imprisoned, and having attempted to escape, was sentenced to draw the boats on the banks of the Danube, with robbers and murderers: and there died in less than two months, from exhaustion and exposure. In your happy country, sir, this print would be considered as a pleasing scene from real life: for in every great town throughout your empire you may meet with the original. Yes, I replied, as far as the *negative* ends of Government are concerned, we have no reason to complain. Our Government pro-

tects us from foreign enemies, and our Laws secure our lives, our personal freedom, our property, reputation, and religious rights, from domestic attacks. Our taxes, indeed, are enormous—Oh! talk not of taxes, said my friend, till you have resided in a country where the boor disposes of his produce to strangers for a foreign mart, not to bring back to his family the comforts and conveniencies of foreign manufactures, but to procure that coin which his lord is to squander away in a distant land. Neither can I with patience hear it said, that your laws act only to the *negative* ends of government. They have a manifold *positive* influence, and their incorrupt administration gives a colour to all your modes of thinking, and is one of the chief causes of your superior morality in private as well as public life.*

* "The administration of justice thoughout the Continent is partial, venal and infamous. I have, in conversation with many sensible men, met with something of content with their governments in all other respects than this; but upon the question of expecting justice to be really and fairly administered every one confessed there was no such thing to be looked for. The conduct

My limits compel me to strike out the different incidents which I had written as a commentary on the three former of the *positive* ends of Government. To the moral feelings of my Readers they might have been serviceable; but for their understandings they are superfluous. It is surely impossible to peruse them, and not admit that all three are realized under our Government to a degree unexampled in any other old and long peopled country. The defects of our Constitution (in which word I include the Laws and Customs of the

of the judges is profligate and atrocious. Upon almost every cause that comes before them interest is openly made with the judges; and woe betide the man, who, with a cause to support had no means of conciliating favour, either by the beauty of a handsome wife, or by other methods."—This quotation is confined in the original to France under the monarchy; I have extended the application, and adopted the words as comprizing the result of my own experience: and I take this opportunity of declaring, that the most important parts of Mr. Leckie's statement concerning Sicily I myself *know* to be accurate, and am authorized by what I myself saw there, to rely on the whole as a fair and unexaggerated representation.

Land as well as its scheme of Legislative and Executive Power) must exist, therefore, in the fourth, namely, the production of the highest average of general information, of general moral and religious principles, and the excitements and opportunities which it affords to paramount genius and heroic power in a sufficient number of its citizens. These are points in which it would be immorality to rest content with the presumption, however well founded, that we are better than others, if we are not what we ought to be ourselves, and not using the means of improvement. The first question then is, what is the FACT? The second, *supposing* a defect or deficiency in one or all of these points, and that to a degree which may affect our power and prosperity, if not our absolute safety, are the plans of Legislative Reform that have hitherto been proposed fit or likely to remove such defect, and supply such deficiency? The third and last question is—Should there appear reason to deny or doubt this, are there then any other means, and what are they?—Of these points in the concluding Essay of this Section.

A French gentleman in the reign of Lewis the 14th, was comparing the French and English writers with all the boastfulness of national prepossession. Sir! (replied an Englishman better versed in the principles of Freedom than the canons of criticism) there are but two subjects worthy the human intellect: POLITICS and RELIGION, our state here and our state hereafter; and on neither of these *dare* you write. Long may the envied privilege be preserved to my countrymen of writing and talking concerning both! Nevertheless, it behoves us all to consider, that to write or talk concerning any subject, without having previously taken the pains to understand it, is a breach of duty which we owe to ourselves, though it may be no offence against the laws of the land. The privilege of talking and even publishing nonsense is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it the better.

## ESSAY VI.

Then we may thank ourselves,
Who spell-bound by the magic name of Peace
Dream golden dreams. Go, warlike Britain, go,
For the grey olive-branch change thy green laurels:
Hang up thy rusty helmet, that the bee
May have a hive, or spider find a loom!
Instead of doubling drum and thrilling fife
Be lull'd in lady's lap with amorous flutes.
But for Napoleon, know, he'll scorn this calm:
The ruddy planet at *his* birth bore sway,
Sanguine, a dust his humour, and wild fire
His ruling element. Rage, revenge, and cunning
Make up the temper of this captain's valor.

*Adapted from an old Play.*

Little prospective wisdom can that man obtain, who hurrying onward with the current, or rather torrent, of events, feels no interest in their importance, except as far as his curiosity is excited by their novelty; and to whom all

reflection and retrospect are wearisome. If ever there were a time when the formation of just *public* principles becomes a duty of *private* morality; when the principles of *morality in general* ought to be made bear on our public suffrages, and to affect every great national determination; when, in short, his COUNTRY should have a place by every Englishman's fire-side; and when the feelings and truths which give dignity to the fire-side and tranquillity to the death-bed, ought to be present and influencive in the cabinet and in the senate —that time is now with us. As an introduction to, and at the same time as a commentary on, the subject of international law, I have taken a review of the circumstances that led to the Treaty of Amiens, and the recommencement of the war, more especially with regard to the occupation of Malta.

In a rich commercial state, a war seldom fails to become unpopular by length of continuance. The first, or revolution war, which *towards its close*, had become just and necessary, perhaps beyond any former example, had yet causes of unpopularity peculiar to itself

Exhaustion is the natural consequence of excessive stimulation, in the feelings of nations equally as in those of individuals. Wearied out by overwhelming novelties; stunned, as it were, by a series of strange explosions; sick too of hope long delayed; and uncertain as to the real object and motive of the war, from the rapid change and general failure of its ostensible objects and motives; the public mind for many months preceding the signing of the preliminaries, had lost all its tone and elasticity. The consciousness of mutual errors and mutual disappointments, disposed the great majority of all parties to a spirit of diffidence and toleration, which, amiable as it may be in individuals, yet in a nation, and above all in an opulent and luxurious nation, is always too nearly akin to apathy and selfish indulgence. An unmanly impatience for peace became only not universal. After as long a resistance as the nature of our Constitution and national character permitted or even endured, the government applied at length the only remedy adequate to the greatness of the evil, a remedy which the magnitude of the evil justified, and

which nothing but an evil of that magnitude could justify. At a high price they purchased for us the *name* of peace, at a time when the views of France became daily more and more incompatible with our vital interests. Considering the peace as a mere truce of experiment, wise and temperate men regarded with complacency the Treaty of Amiens, for the very reasons that would have ensured the condemnation of any other treaty under any other circumstances. Its palpable deficiencies were its antidote: or rather they formed its very essence, and declared at first sight, what alone it was, or was meant to be. Any attempt at that time and in this treaty to have secured Italy, Holland, and the German Empire, would have been in the literal sense of the word, *preposterous*. The Nation would have withdrawn all faith in the pacific intentions of the ministers, if the negociation had been broken off on a plea of this kind: for it had taken for granted the extreme desirableness, nay, the necessity of a peace, and, this once admitted, there would, no doubt, have been an absurdity in continuing the war for objects which the

war furnished no means of realizing. If the First Consul had entered into stipulations with us respecting the Continent they would have been observed only as long as his interest from other causes might have dictated; they would have been signed with as much sincerity and observed with as much good faith as the article actually inserted in the treaty of Amiens, respecting the integrity of the Turkish empire. This article indeed was wisely insisted on by us, because it affected both our national honour, and the interests of our Indian empire immediately; and still more, perhaps, because this of all others was the most likely to furnish an early proof of the First Consul's real dispositions. But deeply interested in the fate of the Continent, as we are thought to be, it would nevertheless have been most idle to have abandoned a peace, supposing it at all desirable, on the ground that the French government had refused that which would have been of no value had it been granted.

Indeed there results one serious disadvantage from insisting on the rights and interests of Austria, the Empire, Switzerland, &c. in a

treaty between England and France: and, as it should seem, no advantage to counterbalance it. For so, any attack on those rights instantly pledges our character and national dignity to commence a war, however inexpedient it might happen to be, and however hopeless: while if a war were expedient, any attack on these countries by France furnishes a justifiable cause of war in its essential nature, and independently of all positive treaty. Seen in this light, the defects of the treaty of Amiens become its real merits. If the government of France made peace in the spirit of peace, then a friendly intercourse and the humanizing influences of commerce and reciprocal hospitality would gradually bring about in both countries the dispositions necessary for the calm discussion and sincere conclusion of a genuine, efficient, and comprehensive treaty. If the contrary proved the fact, the Treaty of Amiens contained in itself the principles of its own dissolution. It was what it ought to be. If the First Consul had both meant and dealt fairly by us, the treaty would have *led* to a true settlement: but he acting as all prudent men

expected that he would act, it supplied just reasons for the commencement of war—and at its decease left us, as a legacy, blessings that assuredly far outweighed our losses by the peace. It left us popular enthusiasm, national unanimity, and simplicity of object: and removed one inconvenience which cleaved to the last war, by attaching to the right objects, and enlisting under their proper banners, the scorn and hatred of slavery, the passion for freedom, all the high thoughts and high feelings that connect us with the honoured names of past ages; and inspire sentiments and language, to which our Hampdens, Sidneys, and Russels, might listen without jealousy.

The late Peace then was negociated by the Government, ratified by the Legislature, and received by the nation, as an experiment: as the only means of exhibiting such proof as would be satisfactory to the people in their then temper; whether Buonaparte devoting his ambition and activity to the re-establishment of trade, colonial tranquillity, and social morals, in France, would abstain from *insulting*, *alarming* and *endangering* the British

empire. And these thanks at least were due to the First Consul, that he did not long delay the proof. With more than papal insolence he issued edicts of anathema against us, and excommunicated us from all interference in the affairs of the Continent. He *insulted* us still more indecently by pertinacious demands respecting our constitutional Laws and Rights of Hospitality; by the official publication of Sebastiani's Report; and by a direct personal outrage offered in the presence of all the foreign ministers to the king, in the person of his ambassador. He both insulted and alarmed us by a display of the most perfidious ambition in the subversion of the independence of Switzerland, in the avowal of designs against Egypt, Syria, and the Greek Islands, and in the mission of military spies to Great Britain itself. And by forcibly maintaining a French army in Holland, he at once insulted, alarmed, and endangered us. What can render a war just (pre-supposing its expedience) if insult, repeated alarm, and danger do not? And how can it be expedient for a rich, united, and powerful Island-empire to remain in

nominal peace and unresenting passiveness with an insolent neighbour, who has proved that to wage against it an unmitigated war of insult, alarm, and endangerment is both his temper and his system?

Many attempts were made by Mr. Fox to explain away the force of the greater number of the facts here enumerated: but the great fact, for which alone they have either force or meaning, the great ultimate fact, that Great Britain had been insulted, alarmed, and endangered by France, Mr. Fox himself expressly admitted. But the opposers of the present war concentre the strength of their cause in the following brief argument. Supposing, say they, the grievances set forth in our manifesto to be as notorious as they are asserted to be, yet more notorious they cannot be than that other fact which utterly annuls them as reasons for a war—the fact, that ministers themselves regard them only as the pompous garnish of the dish. It stands on record, that Buonaparte might have purchased our silence for ever, respecting these insults and injuries, by a mere acquiescence on his part in our retention of Malta. The whole

treaty of Amiens is little more than a perplexed bond of compromise respecting Malta. On Malta we rested the peace: for Malta we renewed the war. So say the opposers of the present war. As its advocates we do not deny the fact as stated by them; but we hope to atchieve all, and more than all the purposes of such denial, by an explanation of the fact. The difficulty then resolves itself into two questions: first, in what sense of the words can we be said to have gone to war for Malta alone? Secondly, wherein does the importance of Malta consist? The answer to the second will be found in the third volume, in the Life of the Liberator and Political Father of the Maltese: while the attempt to settle the first question, so at the same time to elucidate the LAW OF NATIONS and its identity with the Law of Conscience, will occupy the remainder of the present Essay.

I. *In what sense can we be affirmed to have renewed the war for Malta alone?*

If we had known or could reasonably have believed, that the views of France were and

would continue to be friendly or negative toward Great Britain, neither the subversion of the independence of Switzerland, nor the maintenance of a French army in Holland, would have furnished any prudent ground for war. For the only way by which we could have injured France, namely, the destruction of her commerce and navy, would increase her means of continental conquests, by concentrating all the resources and energies of the French empire in her military powers: while the losses and miseries which the French people would suffer in consequence, and their magnitude, compared with any advantages that might accrue to them from the extension of the *name* France, were facts which, we knew by experience, would weigh as nothing with the existing Government. Its attacks on the independence of its continental neighbours become motives to *us* for the recommencement of hostility, only as far as they give *proofs* of a hostile intention toward ourselves, and facilitate the realizing of such intention. If any events had taken place, increasing the *means* of injuring this country,

even though these events furnished no *moral* ground of complaint against France, (such for instance, might be the great extension of her population and revenue, from freedom and a wise government) much more, if they were the fruits of iniquitous ambition, and therefore in themselves involved the *probability* of an hostile intention to us—then, I say, every after occurrence becomes important, and both a just and expedient ground of war, in proportion, not to the importance of the thing in itself, but to the quantity of evident *proof* afforded by it of an hostile design in the Government, by whose power our interests are endangered. If by demanding the immediate evacuation of Malta, when he had himself done away the security of its actual independence (on *his* promise of preserving which *our* pacific promises rested as on their sole foundation) and this too, after he had openly avowed such designs on Egypt, as not only in the opinion of *our* ministers, but in his own opinion, made it of the greatest importance to this country, that Malta should not be under French influence; if by this

conduct the First Consul exhibited a decisive *proof* of his intention to violate our rights and to undermine our national interests; then all his preceding actions on the Continent became proofs likewise of the same intention; and any *one* * of these aggressions involves

* An hundred cases might be imagined which would place this assertion in its true light. Suppose, for instance, a country according to the laws of which a parent might not disinherit a son without having first convicted him of some one of sundry crimes enumerated in a specific statute. Caius, by a series of vicious actions, has so nearly convinced his father of his utter worthlessness, that the father resolves on the next provocation to use the very first opportunity of legally disinheriting this son. The provocation occurs, and in itself furnishes this opportunity, and Caius is disinherited, though for an action much less glaring and intolerable than most of his preceding delinquences had been. The advocates of Caius complain that he should be thus punished for a comparative trifle, so many worse misdemeanors having been passed over. The father replies: "This, his last action, is not the *cause* of the disinheritance; but the *means* of disinheriting him. I punished him *by* it rather than *for* it. In truth, it was not for any of his *actions* that I have thus punished him, but for his *vices*; that is,

the meaning of the whole. Which of them is to *determine* as to war must be decided by other and prudential considerations. Had the First Consul acquiesced in our detention of Malta, he would thereby have furnished such proof of pacific intentions, as would have led to further hopes, as would have lessened our alarm from his former acts of ambition, and relatively to us have altered in some degree their nature.

It should never be forgotten, that a Parliament or national Council is essentially different from a Court of Justice, alike in its objects and its duties. In the latter, the Juror lays aside his private knowledge and his private connections, and judges exclusively according to the evidence adduced in the Court: in the former,

not so much for the injuries which I have suffered, as for the *dispositions* which these actions *evinced;* for the insolent and alarming *intentions* of which they are *proofs.* Now of this habitual temper, of these dangerous purposes, his last action is as true and compleat a manifestation as any or all of his preceding offences; and it therefore may and must be taken as their common *representative.*"

the Senator acts upon his own internal convictions, and oftentimes upon private information, which it would be imprudent or criminal to disclose. Though his ostensible Reason ought to be a true and just one, it is by no means necessary that it should be his sole or even his chief reason. In a Court of Justice, the Juror attends to the character and general intentions of the accused party, exclusively, as adding to the probability of his having or not having committed the one particular action then in question. The Senator, on the contrary, when he is to determine on the conduct of a foreign power, attends to particular actions, chiefly in proof of character and existing intentions. Now there were many and very powerful Reasons why, though appealing to the former actions of Buonaparte, as confirmations of his hostile spirit and alarming ambition, we should nevertheless make Malta the direct object and final determinant of the war. Had we gone to war avowedly for the independence of Holland and Switzerland, we should have furnished Buonaparte with a *colourable pretext* for

annexing both countries immediately to the French empire, * which, if he should do (as if his power continues he most assuredly will sooner or later) by a mere act of violence, and undisguised tyranny, there will follow a *moral* weakening of his power in the minds of men, which may prove of *incalculable* advantage to the independence and well-being of Europe; but which, unfortunately, for this very reason, that it is not to be *calculated*, is too often disregarded by ordinary Statesmen. At all events, it would have been made the plea for banishing, plundering, and perhaps murdering numbers of virtuous and patriotic individuals, as being the partizans of "*the Enemy of the Continent.*" Add to this, that we should have appeared to have rushed into a war for objects which by war we could not hope to realize; we should have exacerbated the misfortunes of the countries of which we had elected ourselves the champions; and

This disquisition was written in the year 1804, in Malta, at the request of Sir Alexander Ball, [with the exception of the latter paragraphs, which I have therefore included in crotchets.]

the war would have appeared a mere war of revenge and reprisal, a circumstance always to be avoided where it is possible. The ablest and best men in the Batavian republic, those who felt the insults of France most acutely, and were suffering from her oppressions the most severely, entreated our Government, through their minister, that it would not make the state of Holland the great ostensible reason of the war. The Swiss patriots too believed, that we could do nothing to assist them at that time, and attributed to our forbearance the comparatively timid use which France has made hitherto of her absolute power over that country. Besides Austria, whom the changes on the Continent much more nearly concerned than England, having refused all co-operation with us, there is reason to fear that an opinion (destructive of the one great blessing purchased by the peace, our national unanimity) would have taken root in the popular mind, that these changes were mere pretexts. Neither should we forget, that the last war had left a dislike in our countrymen to continental interference, and a not un-

plausible persuasion, that where a nation has not sufficient sensibility to its wrongs to commence a war against the aggressor, unbribed and ungoaded by Great Britain, a war begun by the Government of such a nation, at the instance of our Government, has little chance of other than a disastrous result, considering the character and revolutionary resources of the enemy. Whatever may be the strength or weakness of this argument, it is however certain, that there was a strong predilection in the British people for a cause indisputably and peculiarly British. And this feeling is not altogether ungrounded. In practical politics and the great expenditures of national power, we must not pretend to be too far-sighted: otherwise even a transient peace would be impossible among the European nations. To future and distant evils we may always oppose the various unforeseen events that are ripening in the womb of the future. Lastly, it is chiefly to immediate and unequivocal attacks on our own interests and honour, that we attach the notion of RIGHT with a full and efficient feeling. Now, though we

may be first stimulated to action by probabilities and prospects of advantage, and though there is a perverse restlessness in human nature, which renders almost all wars popular at their commencement, yet a nation always needs a sense of positive RIGHT to *steady* its spirit. There is always needed some one reason, short, simple, and independent of complicated calculation in order to give a sort of muscular strength to the public mind, when the power that results from enthusiasm, animal spirits, and the charm of novelty, has evaporated.

There is no feeling more honourable to our nature, and few that strike deeper root when our nature is happily circumstanced, than the jealousy concerning a positive right, independent of an immediate interest. To surrender, in our national character, the merest trifle, that is strictly our right, the merest rock on which the waves will scarcely permit the seafowl to lay its eggs, at the demand of an insolent and powerful rival, on a shopkeeper's calculation of loss and gain, is in its final, and assuredly not very distant consequences, a loss

of every thing—of national spirit, of national independence, and with these, of the very wealth for which the low calculation was made. This feeling in individuals, indeed, and in private life, is to be sacrificed to religion. Say rather, that by religion, it is transmuted into a higher virtue, growing on an higher and engrafted branch, yet nourished from the same root; that it remains in its essence the same spirit, but

Made pure by Thought, and naturalized in Heaven;

and he who cannot perceive the moral differences of national and individual duties, comprehends neither the one or the other, and is not a whit the better Christian for being a bad patriot. Considered nationally, it is as if the captain of a man of war should strike and surrender his colours under the pretence, that it would be folly to risk the lives of so many good Christian sailors for the sake of a *few yards of coarse canvass!* Of such reasoners we take an indignant leave in the words of an obscure poet.

Fear never wanted arguments: you do
Reason yourselves into a careful bondage,
Circumspect only to your Misery.
I could urge Freedom, Charters, Country, Laws,
Gods, and Religion, and such precious names—
Nay, what you value higher, *Wealth!* But that
You sue for bondage, yielding to demands
As impious as they're insolent, and have
Only this sluggish name—TO PERISH FULL!

CARTWRIGHT.

And here we find it necessary to animadvert on a principle asserted by Lord Minto, *(in his speech, June* 6th, 1803, *and afterwards published at full length)* that France had an undoubted right to insist on our abandonment of Malta, a right not given, but likewise not abrogated, by the Treaty of Amiens. Surely in this effort of candour, his Lordship must have forgotten the circumstances on which he exerted it. The case is simply thus: the British government was convinced, and the French government admitted the justice of the conviction, that it was of the utmost importance to our interests, that Malta should remain uninfluenced by France. The French government

binds itself down by a solemn treaty, that it will use its best endeavours in conjunction with us, to secure this independence. This promise was no act of liberality, no generous free-gift on the part of France, No! we purchased it at a high price. We disbanded our forces, we dismissed our sailors, and we gave up the best part of the fruits of our naval victories. Can it therefore with a shadow of plausibility be affirmed, that the right to insist on our evacuation of the island was unaltered by the Treaty of Amiens, when this demand is strictly tantamount to our surrender of all the advantages which we had bought of France at so high a price? Tantamount to a direct breach on her part, not merely of a solemn treaty, but of an absolute bargain? It was not only the perfidy of unprincipled ambition—the demand was the fraudulent trick of a sharper. For what did France? She sold us the independence of Malta: then exerted her power, and annihilated the very possibility of that independence, and lastly, demanded of us that we should leave it bound hand and foot for her to seize without trouble, whenever her am

bitious projects led her to regard such seizure as expedient. We bound ourselves to surrender it to the Knights of Malta—not surely to Joseph, Robert, or Nicolas, but to a known order, cloathed with certain powers, and capable of exerting them in consequence of certain revenues. We found no such order. The men indeed and the name we found: and even so, if we had purchased Sardinia of its sovereign for so many millions of money, which through our national credit, and from the equivalence of our national paper to gold and silver, he had agreed to receive in bank notes, and if he had received them—doubtless, he would have the bank notes, even though immediately after our payment of them we had for this very purpose forced the Bank Company to break. But would he have received the debt due to him? It is nothing more or less than a practical *pun*, as wicked though not quite so ludicrous, as the (in all senses) *execrable* pun of Earl Godwin, who requesting *basium* (i. e. a kiss) from the archbishop, thereupon seized on the archbishop's manor of Baseham.

A Treaty is a writ of mutual promise between two independent States, and the Law of Promise is the same to nations as to individuals. It is to be sacredly performed by each party in that sense in which it knew and permitted the other party to understand it, at the time of the contract. Any thing short of this is criminal deceit in individuals, and in governments impious perfidy. After the conduct of France in the affair of the guarantees, and of the revenues of the order, we had the same right to preserve the island independent of France by a British garrison, as a lawful creditor has to the household goods of a fugitive and dishonest debtor.

One other assertion of his Lordship's, in the same speech, bears so immediately on the plan of THE FRIEND, as far as it proposed to investigate the *principle* of international, no less than of private morality, that I feel myself in some degree under an obligation to notice it. A Treaty (says his Lordship) ought to be strictly observed by a nation in its literal sense, even though the utter ruin of that nation should be the certain and fore-known consequence of that observance. Previous to any remarks of

my own on this high flight of diplomatic virtue, we will hear what Harrington has said on this subject. "A man may devote himself to death or destruction to save a nation; but no nation will devote itself to death or destruction to save mankind. Machiavel is decried for saying, 'that no consideration is to be had of what is just or unjust, of what is merciful or cruel, of what is honourable or ignominious, in case it be to save a state or to preserve liberty:' which as to the manner of expression may perhaps be crudely spoken. But to imagine that a nation will devote itself to death or destruction any more after faith given, or an engagement thereto tending, than if there had been no engagement made or faith given, were not piety but folly." ——Crudely spoken indeed! and not less crudely thought: nor is the matter much mended by the commentator. Yet every man, who is at all acquainted with the world and its past history, knows that the *fact* itself is truly stated: and what is more important in the present argument, he cannot find in his heart a full, deep, and downright verdict, that it *should* be otherwise. The consequences of this per-

plexity in the moral feelings, are not seldom extensively injurious. For men hearing the duties which would be binding on two individuals living under the same laws, insisted on as equally obligatory on two independent states, in extreme cases, where they see clearly the impracticability of realizing such a notion; and having at the same time a dim half-consciousness, that two States can never be placed exactly on the same ground as two individuals; relieve themselves from their perplexity by cutting what they cannot untie, and assert that *national policy* cannot in all cases be subordinated to the laws of morality: in other words, that a government may act with injustice, and yet remain blameless. This assertion was hazarded (I record it with unfeigned regret) by a Minister of State, on the affair of Copenhagen. Tremendous assertion! that would render every complaint, which we make, of the abominations of the French tyrant, hypocrisy, or mere incendiary declamation for the simple-headed multitude! But, thank heaven! it is as unnecessary and unfounded, as it is tremendous. For what is a treaty? a volun-

tary contract between two *nations*. So we will state it in the first instance. Now it is an impossible case, that any nation can be supposed by any other to have intended its own absolute destruction in a treaty, which its interests alone could have prompted it to make. The very thought is self-contradictory. Not only Athens (we will say) could not have intended this to have been understood in any specific promise made to Sparta; but Sparta could never have imagined that Athens had so intended it. And Athens itself must have known, that had she even affirmed the contrary, Sparta could not have believed—nay, would have been under a moral *obligation* not to have believed her. Were it possible to suppose such a case—for instance, such a treaty made by a single besieged town, under an independent government as that of Numantium—it becomes no longer a state, but the act of a certain number of individuals voluntarily sacrificing themselves, each to preserve his separate honour. For the state was already destroyed by the circumstances which alone could make such an engagement conceivable.

—But we have said, *nations*.—Applied to England and France, relatively to treaties, this is but a form of speaking. The treaty is really made by some half dozen, or perhaps half a hundred individuals, possessing the *government* of these countries. Now it is a universally admitted part of the Law of Nations, that an engagement entered into by a minister with a foreign power, when it was known to this power that the minister in so doing had exceeded and contravened his instructions, is altogether nugatory. And is it to be supposed for a moment, that a whole nation, consisting of perhaps twenty millions of human souls, could ever have invested a few individuals, whom, altogether for the promotion of its welfare it had intrusted with its government, with the right of signing away its existence?

# ESSAY VII.

*Amicas reprehensiones gratissime accipiamus, oportet: etiam si reprehendi non meruit opinio nostra, vel hanc propter causam, quód recte defendi potest. Si veró infirmitas vel humana vel propria, etiam cum veraciter arguitur, non potest non aliquantulum contristari, melius tumor dolet cum curatur, quám dum ei parcitur et non sanatur. Hoc enim est quod acuté vidit, qui dixit: utiliores esse haud raró inimicos objurgantes, quám amicos objurgare metuentes. Illi enim dum rixantur, dicunt aliquando vera quæ corrigamus: isti autem minorem, quám oportet, exhibent justitiæ libertatem, dum amicitiæ timent exasperare dulcedinem.*—AUGUSTINUS HIERONYMO: Epist. xciii. Hieron. Opera. Tom. ii. p. 233.

*Translation.*—Censures, offered in friendliness, we ought to receive with gratitude: yea, though our opinions did not merit censure, we should still be thankful for the attack on them, were it only that it gives us an opportunity of successfully defending the same. *(For never doth an important truth spread its roots so wide*

*or clasp the soil so stubbornly, as when it has braved the winds of controversy. There is a stirring and a far-heard music sent forth from the tree of sound knowledge, when its branches are fighting with the storm, which passing onward shrills out at once Truth's triumph and its own defeat.)* But if the infirmity of human nature, or of our own constitutional temperament, cannot, even when we have been fairly convicted of error, but suffer some small mortification, yet better suffer pain from its extirpation, than from the consequences of its continuance, and of the false tenderness that had withheld the remedy. This is what the acute observer had in his mind, who said, that upbraiding enemies were not seldom more profitable than friends afraid to find fault. For the former amidst their quarrelsome invectives may chance on some home truths, which we may amend in consequence; while the latter from an over delicate apprehension of ruffling the smooth surface of friendship shrink from its duties, and from the manly freedom which Truth and Justice demand.

Only a few privileged individuals are authorized to pass into the theatre without stopping at the door-keeper's box; but every man of decent appearance may put down the play-price there, and thenceforward has as good a right as the managers themselves not only to

see and hear, as far as his place in the house, and his own ears and eyes permit him, but likewise to express audibly his approbation or disapprobation of what may be going forward on the stage. If his feelings happen to be in unison with those of the audience in general, he may without breach of decorum persevere in his notices of applause or dislike, till the wish of the house is complied with. If he finds himself unsupported, he rests contented with having once exerted his common right, and on that occasion at least gives no further interruption to the amusement of those who feel differently from him. So it is, or so it should be, in Literature. A few extraordinary minds may be allowed to pass a mere *opinion:* though in point of fact those, who alone are entitled to this privilege, are ever the last to avail themselves of it. Add too, that even the mere opinions of such men may in general be regarded either as promissory notes, or as receipts referring to a former payment. But every man's *opinion* has a right to pass into the common auditory, if his *reason* for the opinion is paid down at the same time: for

arguments are the sole current coin of intellect. The degree of influence to which the opinion is entitled, should be proportioned to the weight and value of the reasons for it; and whether these are shillings or pounds sterling, the man, who has given them, remains blameless, provided he contents himself with the place to which they have entitled him, and does not attempt by strength of lungs to counterbalance its disadvantages, or expect to exert as immediate an influence in the back seats of the upper gallery, as if he had paid in gold and been seated in the stage box.

But unfortunately (and here commence the points of difference between the theatric and the Literary Public) in the great theatre of Literature there are no authorized door-keepers: for our anonymous critics are self-elected. I shall not fear the charge of calumny if I add, that they have lost all credit with wise men, by unfair dealing: such as their refusal to receive an honest man's money, (that is, his argument) because they anticipate and dislike his opinion, while others of suspicious character and the most unseemly appearance, are suffered to pass

without payment, or by virtue of *orders* which they have themselves distributed to known partizans. Sometimes the honest man's intellectual coin is refused under pretence that it is light or counterfeit, without any proof given either by the money scales, or by sounding the coin in dispute together with one of known goodness. We may carry the metaphor still farther. It is by no means a rare case, that the money is returned because it had a different sound from that of a counterfeit, the brassy blotches on which seemed to blush for the impudence of the silver wash in which they were inisled, and rendered the mock coin a lively emblem of a lie self-detected. Still oftener does the rejection take place by a mere act of insolence, and the blank assertion that the candidate's money is light or bad, is justified by a second assertion, that he is a fool or knave for offering it.

The second point of difference explains the preceding, and accounts both for the want of established door-keepers in the auditory of Literature, and for the practices of those, who under the name of Reviewers volunteer this

office. There is no royal mintage for arguments, no ready means by which all men alike, who possess common sense, may determine their value and intrinsic worth at the first sight or sound. Certain forms of natural Logic indeed there are, the inobservance of which is decisive against an argument; but the strictest adherence to them is no proof of its actual (though an indispensible condition of its possible) validity: in the arguer's own conscience there is no doubt, a certain value, and an infallible criterion of it, which applies to all arguments equally: and this is the sincere conviction of the mind itself. But for those to whom it is offered, these are only *conjectural* marks; yet such as will seldom mislead any man of plain sense, who is both honest and observant. These characteristics THE FRIEND attempted to comprize in the concluding paragraph of the Fourth Essay, Vol. I. and has described them more at large in the Essays that follow, "On the communicating of Truth." If the honest warmth, which results from the strength of the particular conviction, be tempered by the modesty which belongs

to the sense of general fallibility; if the emotions, which accompany all vivid perceptions, are preserved distinct from the expression of personal passions, and from appeals to them in the heart of others; if the Reasoner asks no respect for the opinion, as *his* opinion, but only in proportion as it is acknowledged by that Reason, which is common to all men; and, lastly, if he supports an opinion on no subject which he has not previously examined, and furnishes proof both that he possesses the means of enquiry by his education or the nature of his pursuits, and that he has endeavoured to avail himself of those means; then, and with these conditions, every human Being is authorized to make public the *grounds* of any opinion which he holds, and of course the opinion itself, as the object of them. Consequently, it is the duty of all men, not always indeed to attend to him, but, if they do, to attend to him with respect, and with a sincere as well as apparent toleration. I should offend against my own Laws, if I disclosed at present the nature of my convictions concerning the degree, in which this virtue of toleration is

possessed and practised by the majority of my contemporaries and countrymen. But if the contrary temper is felt and shewn in instances where all the conditions have been observed, which have been stated at full in the preliminary numbers that form the Introduction of this Work, and the chief of which I have just now recapitulated; I have no hesitation in declaring that whatever the opinion may be, and however opposite to the hearer's or reader's previous persuasions, one or other or all of the following defects must be taken for granted. Either the intolerant person is not master of the grounds on which his own faith is built: which therefore neither is or can be his own *faith*, though it may very easily be his imagined *interest*, and his *habit* of thought. In this case he is angry, not at the opposition to Truth, but at the interruption of his own indolence and intellectual slumber, or possibly at the apprehension, that his temporal advantages are threatened, or at least the ease of mind, in which he had been accustomed to enjoy them. Or, secondly, he has no love of Truth for its own sake; no reverence for the divine

command to seek earnestly after it, which command, if it had not been so often and solemnly given by Revelation, is yet involved and expressed in the gift of Reason, and in the dependence of all our virtues on its developement. He has no moral and religious awe for freedom of thought, though accompanied both by sincerity and humility; nor for the right of free communication which is ordained by God, together with that freedom, if it be true that God has ordained us to live in society, and has made the progressive improvement of all and each of us depend on the reciprocal aids, which directly or indirectly each supplies to all, and all to each. But if his alarm and his consequent intolerance, are occasioned by his eternal rather than temporal interests, and if as is most commonly the case, he does not deceive himself on this point, gloomy indeed, and erroneous beyond idolatry, must have been his notions of the Supreme Being! For surely the poor Heathen who represents to himself the divine attributes of wisdom, justice, and mercy, under multiplied and forbidden symbols in the powers of Nature

or the souls of extraordinary men, practises a superstition which (though at once the cause and effect of blindness and sensuality) is less incompatible with inward piety and true religious feeling, than the creed of that man, who in the spirit of his practice, though not in direct words, loses sight of all these attributes, and substitutes "servile and thrall-like fear instead of the adoptive and chearful boldness, which our new alliance with God requires of us as Christians."* Such fear-ridden and thence angry believers, or rather

* *Milton's Reformation in England.* "For in very deed, the superstitious man by his good will is an Atheist; but being sacred from thence by the pangs of conscience, shuffles up to himself such a God and such a Worship as is most accordant to his fear: which fear of his as also his hope, being fixed only upon the flesh, renders likewise the whole faculty of his apprehension carnal, and *all the inward acts of worship issuing from the native strength of the Soul, run out lavishly to the upper skin, and there harden into a crust of formality.* Hence men came to scan the Scriptures by the *letter*, and in the covenant of our redemption magnified the external signs more than the quickening power of the *Spirit.*"

*acquiescents*, would do well to re-peruse the book of Job, and observe the sentence passed by the all-just on the friends of the sufferer, who had hoped, like venal advocates, to *purchase* the favour of deity by uttering truths of which in their own hearts they had neither conviction nor comprehension. THE TRUTH FROM THE LIPS DID NOT ATONE FOR THE LIE IN THE HEART, while the rashness of agony in the searching and bewildered complaint, was forgiven in consideration of his sincerity and integrity in not disguising the true dictates of his Reason and Conscience, but avowing his incapability of solving a problem by his Reason, which before the Christian dispensation the Almighty was pleased to solve only by declaring it to be beyond the limits of human Reason. Having insensibly passed into a higher and more serious style than I had first intended, I will venture to appeal to these self-obscurants, whose faith dwells in the Land of the Shadow of Darkness, these Papists without a Pope, and Protestants who protest only against all protesting; and will appeal to them in words which yet more

immediately concern them as Christians, in the hope that they will lend a fearless ear to to the learned apostle, when he both assures and labours to persuade them that they *were called in Christ to all perfectness in spiritual knowledge and full assurance of understanding in the mystery of God.* There can be no end without means: and God furnishes no means that exempt us from the task and duty of joining our own best endeavours. The original stock, or wild olive tree of our natural powers, was not given us to be burnt or blighted, but to be *grafted on.* We are not only not forbidden to examine and propose our doubts, so it be done with humility and proceed from a real desire to know the Truth; but we are repeatedly commanded so to do: and with a most unchristian spirit must that man have read the preceding passages, if he can interpret any one sentence as having for its object to excuse a too numerous class, who, to use the words of St. Augustine, *quærunt non ut fidem sed ut infidelitatem inveniant:* i. e. such as examine not to find reasons for faith, but pretexts for infidelity.

## ESSAY VIII.

Such is the iniquity of men, that they suck in opinions as wild asses do the wind, without distinguishing the wholesome from the corrupted air, and then live upon it at a venture: and when all their confidence is built upon zeal and mistake, yet therefore because they are zealous and mistaken, they are impatient of contradiction.——TAYLOR's *Epist. Dedic. to the Liberty of Prophesying.*

"If," (observes the eloquent Bishop in the 13th section of the work, from which my motto is selected) "an opinion plainly and directly brings in a crime, as if a man preaches treason or sedition, his opinion is not his excuse. A man is nevertheless a traitor because he believes it lawful to commit treason; and a man is a murtherer if he kills his brother unjustly, although he should think that he was doing God good service thereby. *Matters of fact are*

*equally judicable, whether the principle of them be from within or from without.*"

To *dogmatize* a crime, that is, to teach it as a doctrine, is itself a crime, great or small as the crime dogmatized is more or less palpably so. You say (said Sir John Cheke, addressing himself to the Papists of his day) that you rebel for your religion. First tell me, what religion is that which teaches you to rebel. As my object in the present section is to treat of Tolerance and Intolerance in the public bearings of opinions and their propagation, I shall embrace this opportunity of selecting the two passages, which I have been long inclined to consider as the most eloquent in our English literature, though each in a very different style of eloquence, as indeed the authors were as dissimilar in their bias, if not in their faith, as two bishops of the same church can well be supposed to have been. I think too, I may venture to add, that both the extracts will be new to a very great majority of my readers. For the length I make no apology. It was part of my plan to allot two numbers of The Friend, the one to a selection from our prose

writers, and the other from our poets; but in both cases from works that do not occur in our ordinary reading.

The following passages are both on the same subject: the first from Taylor's Dissuasive from Popery:—the second from a Letter of Bishop Bedell's to an unhappy friend who had deserted the church of England for that of Rome.

1. The Rise and Progress of a Controversy, from the speculative Opinion of an Individual to the Revolution or Intestine War of a Nation.

This is one of the inseparable characters of an heretic; he sets his whole communion and all his charity upon his article; for to be zealous in the schism, that is the characteristic of a good man, that is his note of Christianity; in all the rest he excuses you or tolerates you, provided you be a true believer; then you are one of the faithful, a good man and a precious, you are of the congregation of the saints, and one of the godly. All Solifidians do thus; and all that do thus are Solifidians, the church of Rome herself not excepted; for though in

words she proclaims the possibility of keeping all the commandments; yet she dispenses easier with him that breaks them all, than with him that speaks one word against any of her articles, though but the least; even the eating of fish and forbidding flesh in Lent. So that it is faith they regard more than charity, a right belief more than a holy life; and for this you shall be with them upon terms easy enough, provided you go not a hair's breadth from any thing of her belief. For if you do, they have provided for you two deaths and two fires, both inevitable and one eternal. And this certainly is one of the greatest evils, of which the Church of *Rome* is guilty: for this in itself is the greatest and unworthiest uncharitableness. But the procedure is of great use to their ends. For the greatest part of Christians are those that cannot consider things leisurely and wisely, searching their bottoms and discovering their causes, or foreseeing events which are to come after; but are carried away by fear and hope, by affection and prepossession: and therefore the Roman doctors are careful to govern them

as they will be governed. If you dispute, you gain, it may be, one, and lose five; but if ye threaten them with damnation, you keep them in fetters; for they that are '*in fear of death, are all their life-time in bondage*'* (saith the Apostle:) and there is in the world nothing so potent as fear of the two deaths, which are the two arms and grapples of iron by which the church of Rome takes and keeps her timorous or conscientious proselytes. The easy Protestant calls upon you from scripture to do your duty, to build a holy life upon a holy faith, the faith of the Apostles and first disciples of our Lord; he tells you if you err, and teaches ye the truth; and if ye will obey it is well, if not, he tells you of your sin, and that all sin deserves the wrath of God; but judges no man's person, much less any states of men. He knows that God's judgments are righteous and true; but he knows also, that his mercy absolves many persons, who, in his just judgment, were condemned: and if he had a warrant from God to say, that he should destroy all the papists, as Jonas had concerning the

* Heb. ii. 15.

Ninevites; yet he remembers that every repentance, if it be sincere, will do more, and prevail greater, and last longer than God's anger will. Besides these things, there is a strange spring, and secret principle in every man's understanding, that it is oftentimes turned about by such impulses, of which no man can give an account. But we all remember a most wonderful instance of it, in the disputation between the two Reynolds's, John and William; the former of which being a Papist, and the latter a Protestant, met and disputed, with a purpose to confute, and to convert each other. And so they did: for those arguments, which were used, prevailed fully against their adversary, and yet did not prevail with themselves. The Papist turned Protestant, and the Protestant became a Papist, and so remained to their dying day. Of which some ingenious person gave a most handsome account in the following excellent Epigram,

Bella, inter geminos, plusquam civilia, fratres
Traxerat ambiguus Religionis apex.
Ille reformatæ fidei propartibus instat:
Iste reformandam denegat esse fidem.

Propositis causæ rationibus; alter utrinque
Concurrêre pares, et cecidêre pares.
Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alter uterq;
Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem.
Captivi gemini sine captivante fuerunt,
Et victor victi transfuga castra petit.
Quod genus hoc pugnæ est, ubi victus gaudet uterq;
Et tamen alteruter se superâsse dolet?

But further yet, he considers the natural and regular infirmities of mankind; and God considers them much more; he knows that in man there is nothing admirable but his ignorance and weakness; his prejudice, and the infallible certainty of being deceived in many things: he sees, that wicked men, oftentimes know much more than many very good men; and that the understanding is not of itself considerable in morality, and effects nothing in rewards and punishments: it is the will only that rules man, and can obey God. He sees and deplores it, that many men study hard, and understand little; that they dispute earnestly, and understand not one another at all; that affections creep so certainly, and mingle with their arguing, that the argument

is lost, and nothing remains but the conflict of two adversaries affections; that a man is so willing, so easy, so ready to believe what makes for his opinion, so hard to understand an argument against himself, that it is plain, it is the principle within, not the argument without, that determines him. He observes also that all the world (a few individuals excepted) are unalterably determined to the religion of their country, of their family, of their society; that there is never any considerable change made, but what is made by war and empire, by fear and hope. He remembers that it is a rare thing, to see a *Jesuit* of the *Dominican* opinion; or a *Dominican* (until of late) of the Jesuit; but every order gives laws to the understanding of their novices, and they never change. He considers there is such ambiguity in words, by which all Lawgivers express their meaning; that there is such abstruseness in mysteries of religion, that some things are so much too high for us, that we cannot understand them rightly; and yet they are so sacred, and concerning, that men will think they are bound to look into them, as far as they can; that

it is no wonder if they quickly go too far, where no understanding, if it were fitted for it, could go far enough; but in these things it will be hard not to be deceived; since our words cannot rightly express those things. That there is such variety of human understandings, that men's faces differ not so much as their souls; and that if there were not so much difficulty in things, yet they could not but be variously apprehended by several men. And hereto he considers, that in twenty opinions, it may be that not one of them is true; nay, whereas *Varro* reckoned, that among the old Philosophers there were eight hundred opinions concerning the *summum bonum*, that yet not one of them hit the right. He sees also that in all religions, in all societies, in all families, and in all things, opinions differ; and since opinions are too often begot by passion, by passions and violence they are kept; and every man is too apt to overvalue his own opinion; and out of a desire that every man should conform his judgement to his that teaches, men are apt to be earnest in their persuasion, and overact the proposition; and from being true as he sup-

poses, he will think it profitable; and if you warm him either with confidence or opposition, he quickly tells you it is necessary; and as he loves those that think as he does, so he is ready to hate them that do not; and then secretly from wishing evil to him, he is apt to believe evil will come to him; and that it is just it should; and by this time the opinion is troublesome, and puts other men upon their guard against it; and then while passion reigns, and reason is modest and patient, and talks not loud like a storm, victory is more regarded than truth, and men call God into the party, and his judgments are used for arguments, and the threatenings of the Scripture are snatched up in haste, and men throw *arrows, fire-brands, and death*, and by this time all the world is in an uproar. All this, and a thousand things more the *English* protestants considering deny not their communion to any Christian who desires it, and believes the Apostles' Creed, and is of the religion of the four first general councils; they hope well of all that live well; they receive into their bosom all true believers of what church soever; and

for them that err, they instruct them, and then leave them to their liberty, to stand or fall before their own master.—

2. A Doctrine not the less safe for being the more charitable.

"Christ our Lord hath given us, amongst others, two infallible notes to know the church." "My sheep," saith he, "hear my voice:" and again, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if ye love one another."—What shall we stand upon conjectural arguments from that which men say? We are partial to ourselves, malignant to our opposites. Let Christ be heard who be his, who not. And for *the hearing of his voice*—O that it might be the issue! But I see you decline it, therefore I leave it also for the present. That other is that which now I stand upon: "the badge of Christ's sheep." Not a likelihood, but a certain *token* whereby *every man* may know them: "by this," saith he, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have charity one towards another."—Thanks be to God, this mark of our Saviour is in us which

you with our schismaticks and other enemies want. As Solomon found the true mother by her natural affection, that chose rather to yield to her adversaries plea, claiming her child, than endure that it should be cut in pieces; so may it soon be found at this day whether is the true mother. Our's, that saith, give her the living child and kill him not; or your's, that if she may not have it, is content it be killed rather than want of her will. *Alas!* (saith ours even of those that leave her) these be my children! I have borne them to Christ in baptism: I have nourished them as I could with mine own breasts, his testaments. I would have brought them up to man's estate, as their free birth and parentage deserves. Whether it be their lightness or discontent, or her enticing words and gay shews, they leave me: they have found a better mother. Let them live yet, though in bondage. I shall have patience; I permit the care of them to their father, I beseech him to keep them that they do no evil. If they make their peace with him, I am satisfied: they have not hurt me at all. Nay, but saith your's, I sit alone as Queen and Mistress

of Christ's Family, he that hath not me for his Mother, cannot have God for his Father. Mine therefore are these, either born or adopted: and if they will not be mine they shall be none. So without expecting Christ's sentence she cuts with the temporal sword, hangs, burns, draws, those that she perceives inclined to leave her, or have left her already. So she kills with the spiritual sword those that subject not to her, yea thousands of souls that not only have no means so to do, but many which never so much as have heard whether there be a Pope of Rome or no. Let our Solomon be judge between them, yea, judge you, Mr. Waddesworth! more seriously and maturely, not by guesses, but by the very mark of Christ, which wanting yourselves you have unawares discovered in us: judge, I say, without passion and partiality, according to Christ's word: which is his flock, which is his church.

# ESSAY IX.

## ON THE LAW OF NATIONS.

*Πρὸς πολέως ἐυδαιμονίαν και δικαιοσύνην πάντα ἰδιώτου ἔμπροσθεν τέτακται φύσει· τούτων δὲ τὰ μὲν ἀνθρώπινα ἐις τὰ θεῖα, τὰ δὲ θεῖα ἐις τὸν ηγεμόνα Νοῦν ξύμπαντα δεῖ βλέπειν, ὀυχ ως προς ἀρέτης τὶ μοριον, αλλα πρὸς ἀρέτην ἐν αρεταις αει ὑπομενοῦσαν, ὡς πρὸς νόμον τίνα νομοθετοῦντα.*

*Πλατων· περὶ Νομων.*

**Translation.**—For all things that regard the well-being and justice of a State are pre-ordained and established in the nature of the individual. Of these it behoves that the merely human (*the temporal and fluxional*) should be referred and subordinated to the Divine in man, and the Divine in like manner to the Supreme Mind, so however that the State is not to regulate its actions by reference to any particular form and fragment of virtue, but must fix its eye on that

virtue, which is the abiding spirit and (as it were) substratum in all the virtues, as on a law that is itself legislative.

It were absurd to suppose, that individuals should be under a law of moral obligation, and yet that a million of the same individuals acting collectively or through representatives, should be exempt from all law: for morality is no accident of human nature, but its essential characteristic. A being absolutely without morality is either a beast or a fiend, according as we conceive this want of conscience to be natural or self-produced; or (to come nearer to the common notion, though with the sacrifice of austere accuracy) according as the being is conceived without the law, or in unceasing and irretrievable rebellion to it. Yet were it possible to conceive a man wholly immoral, it would remain impossible to conceive him without a moral obligation to be otherwise; and none, but a madman, will imagine that the essential qualities of any thing can be altered by its becoming part of an aggregate; that a grain of corn, for instance, shall cease to contain

flour, as soon as it is part of a peck or bushel. It is therefore grounded in the nature of the thing, and not by a mere fiction of the mind, that wise men, who have written on the law of nations, have always considered the several states of the civilized world, as so many individuals, and equally with the latter under a moral obligation to exercise their free agency within such bounds, as render it compatible with the existence of free agency in others. We may represent to ourselves this original free agency, as a right of commonage, the formation of separate states as an enclosure of this common, the allotments awarded severally to the co-proprietors as constituting national rights, and the law of nations as the common register office of their title deeds. But in all morality, though the principle, which is the abiding *spirit* of the law, remains perpetual and unaltered, even as that supreme reason in whom and from whom it has its being, yet the *letter* of the law, that is, the application of it to particular instances, and the mode of realizing it in actual practice, must be modified by the existing circumstances. *What* we

should desire to do, the conscience alone will inform us; but *how* and *when* we are to make the attempt, and to what extent it is in our power to accomplish it, are questions for the judgment, and require an acquaintance with facts and their bearings on each other. Thence the improvement of our judgment, and the increase of our knowledge, on all subjects included within our sphere of action, are not merely advantages recommended by prudence, but absolute duties imposed on us by conscience.

As the circumstances then, under which men act as Statesmen, are different from those under which they act as individuals, a proportionate difference must be expected in the practical rules by which their public conduct is to be determined. Let me not be misunderstood: I speak of a difference in the practical rules, not in the moral law itself which these rules point out, the means of administering in particular cases, and under given circumstances. The spirit continues one and the same, though it may vary its form according to the element into which it is transported. This difference with its grounds and consequences it is the pro-

vince of the philosophical juspublicist to discover and display: and exactly in this point (I speak with unfeigned diffidence) it appears to me that the Writers on the Law of Nations,* whose works I have had the opportunity of studying, have been least successful. In what does the Law of Nations differ from the Laws enacted by a particular State for its own subjects? The solution is evident. The Law of Nations, considered apart from the common principle of all morality, is not fixed or positive in itself, nor supplied with any regular means of being enforced. Like those duties

* Grotius, Bykenshoek, Puffendorf, Wolfe, and Vatel; to whose works I must add, as comprizing whatever is most valuable in the preceding Authors, with many important improvements and additions, Robinson's Reports of the Causes of the Court of Admiralty under Sir W. Scott: to whom international law is under no less obligation than the law of commercial proceedings was to the late Lord Mansfield. As I have never seen Sir W. Scott, nor either by myself or my connections enjoy the honour of the remotest acquaintance with him, I trust that even by those who may think my opinion erroneous, I shall at least not be suspected of intentional flattery.

in private life which, for the same reasons, moralists have entitled imperfect duties (though the most atrocious guilt may be involved in the omission or violation of them,) the Law of Nations appeals only to the conscience and prudence of the parties concerned. Wherein then does it differ from the moral laws which the Reason, considered as Conscience, dictates for the conduct of individuals? This is a more difficult question; but my answer would be determined by, and grounded on the obvious differences of the circumstances in the two cases. Remember then, that we are now reasoning, not as sophists or system-mongers, but as men anxious to discover what is right in order that we may practice it, or at least, give our suffrage and the influence of our opinion in recommending its practice. We must therefore confine the question to those cases, in which honest men and real patriots can suppose any controversy to exist between real patriotism and common honesty. The objects of the patriot are, that his countrymen should as far as circumstances permit, enjoy what the Creator designed for the enjoyment of animals

endowed with reason, and of course developed those faculties which were given them to be developed. He would do his best that every one of his countrymen should possess whatever all men may and should possess, and that a sufficient number should be enabled and encouraged to acquire those excellencies which, though not necessary or possible *for* all men, are yet *to* all men useful and honourable. He knows, that Patriotism itself is a necessary link in the golden chain of our affections and virtues, and turns away with indignant scorn from the false Philosophy or mistaken Religion, which would persuade him that Cosmopolitism is nobler than Nationality, and the human race a sublimer object of love than a people; that Plato, Luther, Newton, and their equals, formed themselves neither in the market nor the senate, but in the world, and for all men of all ages. True! But where, and among whom are these giant exceptions produced? In the wide empires of Asia, where millions of human Beings acknowledge no other bond but that of a common slavery, and are distinguished on the map but by a name which

themselves perhaps never heard, or hearing abhor? No! In a circle defined by human affections, the first firm sod within which becomes sacred beneath the quickened step of the returning citizen—here, where the powers and interests of men spread without confusion through a common sphere, like the vibrations propagated in the air by a single voice, distinct yet coherent, and all uniting to express one thought and the same feeling! here, where even the common soldier dares force a passage for his comrades by gathering up the bayonets of the enemy into his own breast: because his country "*expected every man to do his duty!*" and this not after he has been hardened by habit, but, as probably, in his first battle; not reckless or hopeless, but braving death from a keener sensibility to those blessings which make life dear, to those qualities which render himself worthy to enjoy them? Here, where the royal crown is loved and worshipped as a glory around the sainted head of FREEDOM! Where the rustic at his plough whistles with equal enthusiasm, "*God save the King*," and "*Britons never shall be Slaves;*" or, perhaps,

leaves one thistle unweeded in his garden, because it is the symbol of his dear native land!* *Here*, from within *this* circle defined, as light by shade, or rather as light within light, by its intensity, *here* alone, and only within these magic circles, rise up the awful spirits, whose words are oracles for mankind, whose love embraces all countries, and whose voice sounds through all ages! Here, and here only, may we confidently expect those mighty minds to be reared and ripened, whose names are naturalized in

* I cannot here refuse myself the pleasure of recording a speech of the Poet Burns, related to me by the lady to whom it was addressed. Having been asked by her, why in his more serious Poems he had not changed the two or three Scotch words which seemed only to disturb the purity of the style? the Poet with great sweetness, and his usual happiness in reply, answered why in truth it would have been better, but——

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside
An' spar'd the symbol dear.

An author may be allowed to quote from his own poems, when he does it with as much modesty and felicity as Burns did in this instance.

See STC Note Post No 14

foreign lands, the sure fellow-travellers of civilization! and yet render their own country dearer and more proudly dear to their own countrymen. This is indeed Cosmopolitism, at once the nursling and the nurse of patriotic affection! This, and this alone, is genuine Philanthropy, which like the olive tree, sacred to Concord and to Wisdom, fattens not exhausts the soil, from which it sprang, and in which it remains rooted. It is feebleness only which cannot be generous without injustice, or just without ceasing to be generous. Is the morning star less brilliant, or does a ray less fall on the golden fruitage of the earth, because the moons of Saturn too feed their lamps from the same Sun? Even Germany, though curst with a base and hateful brood of nobles and princelings, cowardly and ravenous jackals to the very flocks entrusted to them as to shepherds, who hunt for the tiger and whine and wag their tails for his bloody offal—even Germany, whose ever-changing boundaries superannuate the last year's map, and are altered as easily as the hurdles of a temporary sheep-fold, is still remembered with filial love

and a patriot's pride, when the thoughtful German hears the names of Luther and Leibnitz. "Ah! why, he sighs, why for herself in vain should my country have produced such a host of immortal minds!" Yea, even the poor enslaved, degraded, and barbarized Greek, can still point to the harbour of Tenedos, and say—"there lay *our* fleet when we were besieging Troy." Reflect a moment on the past history of *this* wonderful people! What were they while they remained free and independent? when Greece resembled a collection of mirrors set in a single frame, each having its own focus of patriotism, yet all capable, as at Marathon and Platea, of converging to one point and of consuming a common fee? What were they then? The fountains of light and civilization, of truth and of beauty, to all mankind! they were the thinking head, the beating heart of the whole world! They lost their independence, and with their independence their patriotism; and became the cosmopolites of antiquity. It has been truly observed (by the author of the work for which PALM was murdered) that, after

the first acts of severity, the Romans treated the Greeks not only more mildly than their other slaves and dependants, they behaved to them even affectionately and with munificence. The victor nation felt reverentially the presence of the visible and invisible deities that give sanctity to every grove, every fountain, and every forum. "Think (writes Pliny to one of his friends) that you are sent into the province of Achaia, that true and genuine Greece, where civilization, letters, even corn, are believed to have been discovered; that you are sent to administer the affairs of free states, that is, to men eminently free, who have retained their natural right by valour, by services, by friendship, lastly by treaty and by religion. Revere the Gods, their founders, the sacred influences represented in those Gods, revere their ancient glory and this very old age which in man is venerable, in cities sacred. Cherish in thyself a reverence of antiquity, a reverence for their great exploits, a reverence even for their fables. Detract nothing from the proud pretensions of any state; keep before thine eyes that this is the land

which sent us our institutions, which gave us our laws, not after it was subjugated, but in compliance with *our* petition." * And what came out of these men, who were *eminently free* without patriotism, because without national independence? (which eminent freedom, however, Pliny himself, in the very next sentence, styles the shadow and residuum of liberty.) While they were intense patriots, they were the benefactors of all mankind, legislators for the very nation that afterwards subdued and enslaved them. When, therefore, they became pure cosmopolites, and no partial affections interrupted their philanthropy, and when yet they retained their country, their language, and their arts, what noble works, what mighty discoveries may we not expect from them? If the applause of a little city (a first rate town of a country not much larger than Yorkshire) and the encouragement of a Pericles, produced a Phidias, a Sophocles, and a constellation of other stars scarcely inferior in glory, what will not the applause of the world effect, and the boundless munificence

* Plin. Epist. Lib. VIII.

of the world's imperial masters? Alas! no Sophocles appeared, no Phidias was born! individual genius fled with national independence, and the best products were cold and laborious copies of what their fathers had thought and invented in grandeur and majesty. At length nothing remained, but dastardly and cunning slaves, who avenged their own ruin and degradation by assisting to degrade and ruin their conquerors; and the golden harp of their divine language remained only as the frame on which priests and monks spun their dirty cobwebs of sophistry and superstition!

If then in order to be men we must be patriots, and patriotism cannot exist without national independence, we need no new or particular code of morals to justify us in placing and preserving our country in that relative situation which is more favourable to its independence. But the true patriot is aware that this object is not to be accomplished by a system of general conquest, such as was pursued by Philip of Macedon and his son, nor yet by the political annihilation of the one state, which happens

to be its most formidable rival: the unwise measure recommended by Cato, and carried into effect by the Romans, in the instance of Carthage. Not by the latter: for rivalry between two nations conduces to the independence of both, calls forth or fosters all the virtues by which national security is maintained. Still less by the former: for the victor nation itself must at length, by the very extension of its own conquests, sink into a mere province; nay, it will most probably become the most abject portion of the Empire, and the most cruelly oppressed, both because it will be more feared and suspected by the common tyrant, and because it will be the sink and centre of his luxury and corruption. Even in cases of actual injury and just alarm the Patriot sets bounds to the reprisal of national vengeance, and contents himself with such securities as are compatible with the welfare, though not with the ambitious projects of the nation, whose aggressions had given the provocation: for as patriotism inspires no super-human faculties, neither can it dictate any conduct which would

require such. He is too conscious of his own ignorance of the future, to dare extend his calculations into remote periods; nor, because he is a Statesman, arrogates to himself the cares of Providence and the government of the world. How does he know, but that the very independence and consequent virtues of the nation, which in the anger of cowardice he would fain reduce to absolute insignificance, and rob even of its ancient name, may in some future emergence be the destined guardians of his own country; and that the power which now alarms, may hereafter protect and preserve it? The experience of History authorizes not only the possibility, but even the probability of such an event. An American commander, who has deserved and received the highest honours which his grateful country, through her assembled Representatives, could bestow upon him, once said to me with a sigh: In an evil hour for my country did the French and Spaniards abandon Louisiana to the United States. We were not sufficiently a country before: and should we ever be mad enough to drive the English

from Canada and her other North American Provinces, we shall soon cease to be a country at all. Without local attachment, without national honour, we shall resemble a swarm of insects that settle on the fruits of the earth to corrupt and consume them, rather than men who love and cleave to the land of their forefathers. After a shapeless anarchy, and a series of civil wars, we shall at last be formed into many countries; unless the vices engendered in the process should demand further punishment, and we should previously fall beneath the despotism of some military adventurer, like a lion, consumed by an inward disease, prostrate and helpless, beneath the beak and talons of a vulture, or yet meaner bird of prey.

# ESSAY X.

Ο, τι μὲν πρὸς τὸν τȣ ὅλουπλοῦ τον, μᾶλλον δὲ πρὸς τὶ φαντασμα πολέως ἀπάσης, ὅ πανταχῆ καὶ ουδαμῆ εȣι, φέρει μάθημα καὶ ἐπιτήδευμα, τοῦτο χρήσιμον καὶ σοφον τὶ δοξασθησεται· τῶν δὲ ἄλλων καταγελᾶ ὁ πολίτικος· ταύτην τὴν αιτιαν χρὴ φάναι τοῦ μήτε ἄλλο καλὸν, μήτε τὰ πρὸς τὸν πόλεμον μεγαλοπρέπως ἀσκεῖν τὰς πόλεις, τῶν πολίτων μάλ' ἐνίοτε ὀυκ αφυῶν ὄντων, δυστυχούντών γε μὴν. Πῶς λέγεις; Πῶς μὲν οὖν ἄυτους ὀυ λέγοιμ' ἄν το παράπαν δυστυχεῖς, οἷς γε ἀνάγκη δία βίου πεινῶσι τὴν ψυχὴν ἀεὶ τὴν αυτην διεξελθεῖν.

Πλατων.

TRANSLATION.—Whatever study or doctrine bears upon the wealth of the whole, say rather on a certain Phantom of a State in toto, which is every where and no where, this shall be deemed most useful and wise; and all else is the state-craftsman's scorn. This we dare pronounce the cause why nations torpid on their dignity in general, conduct their wars so little in a grand and magnanimous spirit, while the Citizens are too often

wretched, though endowed with high capabilities by Nature. *How say you?* Nay, how should I not call them wretched, who are under the unrelenting necessity of wasting away their life in the mere search after the means of supporting it?

PLATO, de Legibus, viii.

In the preceeding Essay we treated of what may be wisely desired in respect to our foreign relations. The same sanity of mind will the true Patriot display, in all that regards the internal prosperity of his country. He will reverence not only whatever tends to make the component individuals more happy, and more worthy of happiness: but likewise whatever tends to bind them more closely together as a people; that as a multitude of parts and functions make up one human body, so the whole multitude of his countrymen may, by the visible and invisible influences of religion, language, laws, customs, and the reciprocal dependance and re-action of trade and agriculture, be organized into one body politic. But much as he desires to see *all* become A WHOLE, he places limits even to this wish, and abhors that system of

policy, which would blend men into a state by the dissolution of all those virtues which make them happy and estimable as individuals. Sir James Stuart (Polit. Econ. Vol. I. p. 88. after stating the case of the vine-dresser, who is proprietor of a bit of land, on which grain (enough, and no more) is raised for himself and family—and who provides for their other wants of cloathing, salt, &c. by his extra labour, as a vine-dresser, observes—" From this example we discover the difference between Agriculture exercised *as a trade*, and *as a direct means of subsisting*. We have the two species in the vine-dresser: he labours the vineyard as a trade, and his spot of ground for subsistence. We may farther conclude, that as to the last part he is only useful to himself; but as to the first, he is useful to the society and becomes a member of it; consequently were it not for his trade the State would lose nothing, although the vine-dresser and his land were both swallowed up by an earthquake."

Now this contains the sublime philosophy of the sect of Economists. They worship a

kind of non-entity under the different words, the State, the Whole, the Society, &c. and to this idol they make bloodier sacrifices than ever the Mexicans did to Tescalipoca. *All*, that is, each and every sentient Being in a given tract, are made diseased and vicious, in order that *each* may become useful to *all*, or the State, or the Society,—that is, to the *word*, *all*, the Word, State, or the word, Society. The absurdity may be easily perceived by omitting the words relating to this idol—as for instance—in a former paragraph of the same (in most respects) excellent work: "If it therefore happens that an additional number produced do more than feed themselves, then I perceive no advantage gained from their production." What no advantage gained by, for instance, ten thousand happy, intelligent, and immortal Beings having been produced?—O yes! but no advantage "to this Society."—What is this Society? this "Whole?" this "State?" Is it any thing else but a word of convenience to express at once the aggregate of confederated individuals living in a certain district? Let the sum total of each man's happiness be

supposed—1000; and suppose ten thousand men produced, who neither made swords or poison, or found corn or clothes for those who did—but who procured by their labour food and raiment for themselves, and for their children—would not that Society be richer by 10,000,000 parts of happiness? And think you it possible, that ten thousand happy human Beings can exist together without increasing each others happiness, or that it will not overflow into countless channels,* and diffuse itself through the rest of the Society.

The poor vine-dresser rises from sweet sleep, worships his Maker, goes with his wife and children into his little plot—returns to his hut at noon, and eats the produce of the similar labour of a former day. Is he useful? No! not yet. Suppose then, that during the

* Well, and in the spirit of genuine philosophy, does the poet describe such beings as men

> "Who being innocent do for that cause
> Bestir them in good deeds"————
>
> WORDSWORTH.

Providence, by the ceaseless activity which it has implanted in our nature, has sufficiently guarded against an innocence without virtue.

remaining hours of the day he endeavoured to provide for his moral and intellectual appetites, by physical experiments and philosophical research, by acquiring knowledge for himself, and communicating it to his wife and children. Would he be useful then? "*He* useful! The state would lose nothing although the vine-dresser, and his land were both swallowed up by an earthquake!" Well then, instead of devoting the latter half of each day to his closet, his laboratory, or to neighbourly conversation, suppose he goes to the vineyard, and from the ground which would maintain in health, virtue, and wisdom, twenty of his fellow-creatures, helps to raise a quantity of liquor that will disease the bodies, and debauch the souls of an hundred—Is he useful *now?* —O yes!—a very useful man, and a most excellent citizen!!

In what then *does* the law between state and state differ from that between man and man? For hitherto we seem to have discovered no variation. The law of nations is the law of common honesty, modified by the circumstances in which States differ from Individuals.

According to THE FRIEND'S best understanding, the differences may be reduced to this one point: that the influence of *example* in any extraordinary case, as the possible occasion of an action apparently like, though in reality very different, is of considerable importance in the moral calculations of an individual; but of little, if any, in those of a nation. The reasons are evident. In the first place, in cases concerning which there can be any dispute between an honest man and a true patriot, the circumstances, which at once authorize and discriminate the measure, are so marked and peculiar and notorious, that it is incapable of being drawn into a precedent by any other state under dissimilar circumstances; except perhaps as a mere pretext for an action, which had been predetermined without reference to this authority, and which would have taken place, though it had never existed. But if so strange a thing *should* happen, as a second coincidence of the same circumstances, or of circumstances sufficiently similar to render the prior measure a fair precedent; then, if the one action was justifiable, so will the other be; and without

any reference to the former, which in this case may be useful as a light, but cannot be requisite as an authority. Secondly, in extraordinary cases it is ridiculous to suppose that the conduct of states will be determined by example. We know that they neither will, nor in the nature of things can be determined by any other consideration but that of the imperious circumstances, which render a particular measure advisable. But lastly, and more important than all, individuals are and must be under positive laws: and so very great is the advantage which results from the regularity of legal decisions, and their consequent capability of being foreknown and relied upon, that equity itself must sometimes be sacrificed to it. For the very letter of a positive law is part of its spirit. But states neither are, nor can be, under positive laws. The only fixed part of the law of nations is the spirit: the letter of the law consists wholly in the circumstances to which the spirit of the law is applied. It is mere puerile declamation to rail against a country, as having imitated the very measures for which it had most blamed its ambitious

enemy, if that enemy had previously changed all the relative circumstances which *had* existed for *him*, and therefore rendered *his* conduct iniquitous; but which, having been removed, however iniquitously, cannot without absurdity be supposed any longer to control the measures of an innocent nation, necessitated to struggle for its own safety: especially when the measures in question were adopted for the very purpose of *restoring* those circumstances.

There are times when it would be wise to regard patriotism as a light that is in danger of being blown out, rather than as a fire which needs to be fanned by the winds of party spirit. There are times when party spirit, without any unwonted excess, may yet become faction; and though in general not less useful than natural in a free government, may under particular emergencies prove fatal to freedom itself. I trust I am writing to those who think with me, that to have blackened a ministry, however strong or rational our dislike may be of the persons who compose it, is a poor excuse and a miserable compensation for the crime of unnecessarily blackening the character of our

country. Under this conviction, I request my reader to cast his eye back on my last argument, and then to favour me with his patient attention while I attempt at once to explain its purport and to shew its cogency.

Let us transport ourselves in fancy to the age and country of the Patriarchs, or, if the reader prefers it, to some small colony uninfluenced by the mother country, which has not organized itself into a state, or agreed to acknowledge any one particular governor. We will suppose this colony to consist of from twenty to thirty households or separate establishments, differing greatly from each other in the number of retainers and in extent of possessions. Each household, however, possesses its own domain, the least equally with the greatest, in full right; and its master is an independent sovereign within his own boundaries. This mutual understanding and tacit agreement we may well suppose to have been the gradual result of many feuds, which had produced misery to all and real advantage to none: and that the same sober and reflecting persons, dispersed through the different establishments, who had brought

about this state of things, had likewise coincided in the propriety of some other prudent and humane regulations, which from the authority of these wise men on points, in which they were unanimous, and from the evident good sense of the rules themselves, were acknowledged throughout the whole colony, though they were never voted into a formal law, though the determination of the cases, to which these rules were applicable, had not been entrusted to any recognized judge, nor their enforcement delegated to any particular magistrate. Of these virtual laws this, we may safely conclude, would be the chief: that as no man ought to interfere in the affairs of another against his will, so if any master of a household, instead of occupying himself with the improvement of his own fields and flocks, or with the better regulation of his own establishment, should be foolish and wicked enough to employ his children and servants in breaking down the fences and taking possession of the lands and property of a fellow-colonist, or in turning the head of the family out of his house, and forcing those that remained to acknowledge himself as

their governor instead, and to obey whomever he might please to appoint as his deputy——that it then became the duty and interest of the other colonists to join against the aggressor, and to do all in their power to prevent him from accomplishing his bad purposes, or to compel him to make restitution and compensation. The mightier the aggressor, and the weaker the injured party, the more cogent would the motive become for restraining the one and protecting the other. For it was plain that he who was suffered to overpower, one by one, the weaker proprietors, and render the members of their establishment subservient to his will, must soon become an overmatch for those who were formerly his equals: and the mightiest would differ from the meanest only by being the last victim.

This allegoric fable faithfully pourtrays the law of nations and the balance of power among the European states. Let us proceed with it in the form of History. In the second or third generation the proprietors too generally disregarded the good old opinion, that what injured any could be of real advantage to

none; and treated those, who still professed it, as fit only to instruct children in their catechism. By the avarice of some, the cowardice of others, and by the corruption and want of foresight in the greater part, the former state of things had been completely changed, and the tacit compact set at nought, the general acknowledgment of which had been so instrumental in producing this state and in preserving it, as long as it lasted. The stronger had preyed on the weaker, whose wrongs, however, did not remain long unavenged. For the same selfishness and blindness to the future, which had induced the wealthy to trample on the rights of the poorer proprietors, prevented them from assisting each other effectually, when they were themselves attacked, one after the other, by the most powerful of all: and from a concurrence of circumstances attacked so successfully, that of the whole colony few remained, that were not, directly or indirectly, the creatures and dependents of one overgrown establishment. Say rather, of its new master, an adventurer whom chance and poverty had brought thither, and who in better

times would have been employed in the swine-yard, or the slaughter-house, from his moody temper and his aversion to all the Arts that tended to improve either the land or those that were to be maintained by its produce. He was however eminent for other qualities, which were still better suited to promote his power among those degenerate colonists: for he feared neither God nor his own conscience. The most solemn oaths could not bind him; the most deplorable calamities could not awaken his pity; and when others were asleep, he was either brooding over some scheme of robbery and murder, or with a part of his banditti actually employed in laying waste his neighbour's fences, or in undermining the walls of their houses. His natural cunning, undistracted by any honest avocations, and meeting with no obstacle either in his head or heart, and above all, having been quickened and strengthened by constant practice and favoured by the times with all conceivable opportunities, ripened at last into a surprising *genius* for oppression and tyranny: and, as we must distinguish him by some name, we will call him MISETES. The

only estate, which remained able to bid defiance to this common enemy, was that of PAMPHILUS, superior to Misetes in wealth, and his equal in strength; though not in the power of doing mischief, and still less in the wish. Their characters were indeed perfectly contrasted: for it may be truly said, that throughout the whole colony there was not a single establishment which did not owe some of its best buildings, the encreased produce of its fields, its improved implements of industry, and the general more decent appearance of its members, to the information given and the encouragements afforded by Pamphilus and those of his household. Whoever raised more than they wanted for their own establishment, were sure to find a ready purchaser in Pamphilus, and oftentimes for articles which they had themselves been before accustomed to regard as worthless, or even as nuisances: and they received in return things necessary or agreeable, and always in one respect at least useful, that they roused the purchaser to industry and its accompanying virtues. In this intercommunion all were benefited: for the

wealth of Pamphilus was increased by the increasing industry of his fellow-colonists, and their industry needed the support and encouraging influences of Pamphilus's capital. To this good man and his estimable household Misetes bore the most implacable hatred, and had publicly sworn that he would root him out; the only sort of oath which he was not likely to break by any want of will or effort on his own part. But fortunately for Pamphilus, his main property consisted of one compact estate divided from Misetes and the rest of the colony by a wide and dangerous river, with the exception of one small plantation which belonged to an independent proprietor whom we will name LATHRODACNUS: a man of no influence in the colony, but much respected by Pamphilus. They were indeed relations by blood originally and afterwards by intermarriages; and it was to the power and protection of Pamphilus that Lathrodacnus owed his independence and prosperity, amid the general distress and slavery of the other proprietors. Not less fortunately did it happen, that the means of passing the river were possessed

exclusively by Pamphilus and his above mentioned kinsman; and not only the boats themselves, but all the means of constructing and navigating them. As the very existence of Lathrodacnus, as an independent colonist, had no solid ground, but in the strength and prosperity of Pamphilus; and as the interests of the one in no respect interfered with those of the other; Pamphilus for a considerable time remained without any anxiety, and looked on the river-craft of Lathrodacnus with as little alarm, as on those of his own establishment. It did not disquiet him, that Lathrodacnus had remained neutral in the quarrel. Nay, though many advantages, which in peaceful times would have belonged to Pamphilus, were now transferred to his Neighbour, and had more than doubled the extent and profit of his concern, Pamphilus, instead of repining at this, was glad that some good at least to some one came out of the general evil. Great then was his surprise, when he discovered, that without any conceivable reason Lathrodacnus had employed himself in building and collecting a very unusual number of such boats, as were

of no use to him in his traffic, but designed exclusively as ferry-boats: and what was still stranger and more alarming, that he chose to keep these in a bay on the other side of the river, opposite to the one small plantation, along side of Pamphilus' estate, from which plantation Lathrodacnus derived the materials for building them. Willing to believe this conduct a transient whim of his neighbour's, occasioned partly by his vanity, and partly by envy (to which latter passion the want of a liberal education, and the not sufficiently comprehending the grounds of his own prosperity, had rendered him subject) Pamphilus contented himself for a while with urgent yet friendly remonstrances. The only answer, which Lathrodacnus vouchsafed to return, was, that by the law of the colony, which Pamphilus had made so many professions of revering, every proprietor was an independent sovereign within his own boundaries; that the boats were his own, and the opposite shore, to which they were fastened, part of a field which belonged to him; and, in short, that Pamphilus had no right to inter-

fere with the management of his property, which, trifling as it might be, compared with that of Pamphilus, was no less sacred by the law of the colony. To this uncourteous rebuff Pamphilus replied with a fervent wish, that Lathrodacnus could with more propriety have appealed to a law, as still subsisting, which, he well knew, had been effectually annulled by the unexampled tyranny and success of Misetes, together with the circumstances which had given occasion to the law, and made it wise and practicable. He further urged, that this law was not made for the benefit of any one man, but for the common safety and advantage of all: that it was absurd to suppose that either he (Pamphilus) or that Lathrodacnus himself, or any other proprietor, ever did or could acknowledge this law in the sense that it was to survive the very circumstances, of which it was the mere reflex. Much less could they have even tacitly assented to it, if they had ever understood it as authorizing one neighbour to endanger the absolute ruin of another, who had perhaps fifty times the property to lose, and perhaps ten

times the number of souls to answer for, and yet forbidding the injured person to take any steps in his own defence; and lastly, that this law gave no right without imposing a corresponding duty. Therefore if Lathrodacnus insisted on the *rights* given him by the law, he ought at the same time to perform the *duties* which it required, and join heart and hand with Pamphilus in his endeavours to defend his independence, to restore the former state of the colony, and with this to re-enforce the old law in opposition to Misetes who had enslaved the one and set at nought the other. So ardently was Pamphilus attached to the law, that excepting his own safety and independence there was no price which he would not pay, no sacrifice which he would not make for its restoration. His reverence for the very memory of the law was such, that the mere appearance of transgressing it would be a heavy affliction to him. In the hope therefore of gaining from the avarice of Lathrodacnus that consent which he could not obtain from his justice or neighbourly kindness, he offered to give him in full right a plantation ten times

the value of all his boats, and yet, whenever the colony should once more be settled, to restore the boats: if he would only permit Pamphilus to secure them during the present state of things, on his side of the river, retaining whatever he really wanted for the passage of his own household. To all these persuasions and entreaties Lathrodacnus turned a deaf ear; and Pamphilus remained agitated and undetermined, till at length he received certain intelligence that Lathrodacnus had called a council of the chief members of his establishment, in consequence of the threats of Misetes, that he would treat him as the friend and ally of Pamphilus, if he did not declare himself his enemy. Partly for the sake of a large meadow belonging to him on the other side of the river which it was not easy to secure from the tyrant, but still more from envy and the irritable temper of a proud inferior, Lathrodacnus, and with him the majority of his advisers (though to the great discontent of the few wise heads among them) settled it finally that if he should be again pressed on this point by Misetes, he would join him and commence hostilities

against his old neighbour and kinsman. It is indeed but too probable that he had long brooded over this scheme: for to what other end could he have strained his income, and over-worked his servants in building and fitting up such a number of passage-boats? As soon as this information was received by Pamphilus, and this from a quarter which it was impossible for him to discredit, he obeyed the dictates of self-preservation, took possession of the passage-boats by force, and brought them over to his own grounds; but without any further injury to Lathrodacnus, and still urging him to accept a compensation and continue in that amity which was so manifestly their common interest. Instantly a great outcry was raised against Pamphilus, who was charged in the bitterest terms with having first abused Misetes, and then imitated him in his worst acts of violence. In the calmness of a good conscience Pamphilus contented himself with the following reply: "Even so, if I were out on a shooting party with a Quaker for my companion, and saw coming on towards us an old footpad and murderer, who had made

known his intention of killing me wherever he might meet me; and if my companion the Quaker would neither give me up his gun, nor even discharge it as (we will suppose) I had just before unfortunately discharged my own; if he would neither promise to assist me nor even promise to make the least resistance to the robber's attempt to disarm himself; you might call me a robber for wresting this gun from my companion, though for no other purpose but that I might at least do for by myself, what he *ought* to have done, but *would* not do either for or with me! Even so, and as plausibly, you might exclaim, O the hypocrite Pamphilus! Who has not been deafened with his complaints against robbers and footpads? and lo! he himself has turned footpad, and commenced by robbing his peaceful and unsuspecting companion of his double-barrelled gun!" It is the business of THE FRIEND to lay down principles not to make the applications of them to particular, much less to recent cases. If any such there be to which these principles are fairly applicable, the reader is no less master of the facts than the Writer of

the present Essay. If not, the principles remain; and THE FRIEND has finished the task which the plan of his work imposed on him, of proving the identity of international law and the law of morality in *spirit*, and the reasons of their difference in *practice*, in those extreme cases in which alone they have been allowed to differ.

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POSTSCRIPT.

The preceding Essay has more its natural interest for the author from the abuse, which it brought down on him as the defender of the attack on Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish fleet. The odium of the measure rested wholly on the commencement of hostilities without a previous proclamation of war. Now it is remarkable, that in a work published many years before this event Professor Beck had made this very point the subject of a particular chapter in his admirable Comments on the Law of Nations: and every one of the circumstances stated by him as forming an except to the moral necessity of previous proclamation of war, concurred in the Copen-

hagen expedition. I need mention two only. First, by the act or acts, which provoked the expedition, the party attacked had knowingly placed himself in a state of war. Let A stand for the Danish, B for the British, government. A had done that which he himself was fully aware would produce immediate hostilities on the part of B, the moment it came to the knowledge of the latter. The act itself was a waging of war against B on the part of A. B therefore was the party attacked: and common sense dictates, that to resist and baffle an aggression requires no proclamation to justify it. I perceived a dagger aimed at my back, in consequence of a warning given me, just time enough to prevent the blow, knock the assassin down, and disarm him: and he reproaches me with treachery, because forsooth I had not sent him a challenge! Secondly, when the object which justifies and necessitates the war would be frustrated by the proclamation. For neither State or Individual can be presumed to have given either a formal or a tacit assent to any such modification of a positive Right, as would suspend and virtually annul the Right

itself: the Right of self-preservation, for instance. This second exception will often depend on the existence of the first, and must always receive additional strength and clearness from it. That both of these exceptions appertained to the case in question, is now notorious. But at the time I found it necessary to publish the following comment, which I adapt to the present *rifacciamento* of THE FRIEND, as illustrative of the fundamental principle of public justice; viz. that personal and national morality, ever one and the same, dictate the same measures under the same circumstances, and different measures only as far as the circumstances are different.

As my limits will not allow me to do more in the second, or ethical, section of THE FRIEND, than to propose and develope my own system, without controverting the systems of others, I shall therefore devote the Essay, which follows this Postscript, to the consideration of the problem: How far is the moral nature of an action constituted by its individual circumstances?

It was once said to me, when the Copenha-

gen affair was in dispute, "You do not see the enormity, because it is an affair between state and state: conceive a similar case between man and man, and you would both see and abhor it." Now, I was neither defending or attacking the measure itself. My arguments were confined to the *grounds* which had been taken both in the arraigning of that measure and in its defence, because I thought both equally untenable. I was not enough master of facts to form a decisive opinion on the enterprize, even for my own mind; but I had no hesitation in affirming, that the *principles*, on which it was *defended* in the legislature, appeared to me fitter objects of indignant reprobation than the act itself. This having been premised, I replied to the assertion above stated, by asserting the direct contrary: namely, that were a similar case conceived between man and man, the severest arraigners of the measure, would, *on their grounds*, find nothing to blame in it. How was I to prove this assertion? Clearly, by imagining some case between individuals living in the same relations toward each other, in which the several states

of Europe exist or existed. My allegory, therefore, so far from being a disguise, was a necessary part of the main argument, *a case in point*, to prove the identity of the law of nations with the law of conscience. We have only to conceive individuals in the same relations as states, in order to learn that the rules emanating from international law, differ from those of private honesty, solely through the difference of the circumstances.

But why did not THE FRIEND avow the *application* of the principle to the seizure of the Danish fleet! Because I did not possess sufficient evidence to prove to others, or even to decide for myself, that my principle *was* applicable to this particular act. In the case of Pamphilus and Lathrodacnus, the prudence and necessity of the measure was certain; and, this taken for granted, I shewed its perfect rightfulness. In the affair of Copenhagen, I had no doubt of our *right* to do as we did, *supposing* the necessity, or at least the extreme prudence of the measure; *taking for granted* that there existed a motive adequate to the action, and that the action was an adequate means of realizing the motive.

But this I was not authorized to take for granted in the real, as I had been in the imaginary case. I saw many reasons for the affirmative, and many for the negative. For the former, the certainty of an hostile design on the part of the Danes, the alarming state of Ireland, that vulnerable heel of the British Achilles! and the immense difference between military and naval superiority. Our naval power collectively might have defied that of the whole world; but it was widely scattered, and a combined operation from the Baltic, Holland, Brest, and Lisbon, might easily bring together a fleet double to that which we could have brought against it during the short time that might be necessary to convey thirty or forty thousand men to Ireland. On the other hand, it seemed equally clear that Buonaparte needed sailors rather than ships; and that we took the ships and left him the Danish sailors, whose presence in the fleet at Antwerp turned the scale, perhaps, in favor of the worse than disastrous expedition to Walcheren.

But I repeat, that THE FRIEND had no concern with the measure itself; but only with the

grounds or principles on which it had been attacked or defended. Those who attacked it declared that a *right* had been violated by us, and that no motive could justify such violation, however imperious that motive might be. In opposition to such reasoners, I proved, that no such right existed, or is deducible either from international law or the law of private morality. Those again who defended the seizure of the Danish fleet, conceded that it was a violation of right; but affirmed, that such violation was justified by the urgency of the motive. It was asserted (as I have before noticed in the introduction to the subject) that *national policy* cannot in all cases be subordinated to the laws of morality; in other words, that a government may act with injustice, and yet remain blameless. To prove this assertion as groundless and unnecessary as it is tremendous, formed the chief object of the whole disquisition. I trust then, that my candid judges will rest satisfied that it is not only the profession and pretext of THE FRIEND, but his constant plan and actual intention, to establish PRINCIPLES; that he refers to particular facts for no other purpose

than that of giving illustration and interest to those principles; and that to invent principles with a view to particular cases, whether with the motive of attacking or arraigning a transitory cabinet, is a baseness which will scarcely be attributed to THE FRIEND by any one who understands the work, even though the suspicion should not have been precluded by a knowledge of the author.

## ESSAY XI.

Ja, ich bin der Atheist und Gottlose, der einer imaginären Berechnungslehre, einer blosen Einbildung von algemeinen Folgen, die nie folgen können, zuwider—lügen will, wie DESDEMONA sterbend log; lügen und betrügen will, wie der für Orest sich darstellende PYLADES; Tempel raub unternehmen, wie DAVID; ja, Aehren ausraufen am Sabbath, auch nur darum, weil mich hungert, und *das Gesetz um des menschen willen gemacht ist, nicht der Mensch um des Gezetzes willen.*

JACOBI an FICHTE.

*Translation.*—Yes, I am that Atheist, that godless person, who in opposition to an imaginary Doctrine of Calculation, to a mere ideal Fabric of general Consequences, that can never be realized, would lie, as the dying DESDEMONA lied;* lie and deceive as PYLADES

* *Œmelia.*—O who hath done
This deed?

*Desd.* Nobody. I myself. Farewell.
Commend me to my kind Lord.—O—farewell.

when he personated Orestes; would commit sacrilege with DAVID; yea and pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath, for no other reason than that I was fainting from lack of food, and that *the Law was made for Man and not Man for the Law.*

JACOBI's Letter to FICHTE.

If there be no better doctrine, I would add! —Much and often have I suffered from having ventured to avow my doubts concerning the truth of certain opinions, which had been sanctified in the minds of my hearers, by the authority of some reigning great name: even though in addition to my own reasons, I had all the greatest names from the Reformation to the Revolution on my side. I could not, therefore, summon courage, without some previous pioneering, to declare publicly, that the principles of morality taught in the present work will be in direct opposition to the system of

*Othello.*—You heard her say yourself, It was not I.

*Œmilia.*—She said so. I must needs report the truth.

*Othello.*—She's like a liar gone to burning hell!
'Twas I that killed her!

*Œmilia.*—THE MORE ANGEL SHE!

the late Dr. Paley. This confession I should have deferred to a future time, if my opinions on the grounds of international morality had not been contradictory to a fundamental point in Paley's System of moral and political Philosophy. I mean that chapter which treats of GENERAL CONSEQUENCES, as the chief and best criterion of the right or wrong of particular actions. Now this doctrine I conceive to be neither tenable in reason nor safe in practice: and the following are the grounds of my opinion.

First; this criterion is purely *ideal*, and so far possesses no advantages over the former systems of morality: while it labours under defects, with which those are not justly chargeable. It is *ideal:* for it depends on, and must vary with, the notions of the individual, who in order to determine the nature of an action is to make the calculation of its general consequences. Here, as in all other calculation, the result depends on that faculty of the soul in the degrees of which men most vary from each other, and which is itself most affected by accidental advantages or disadvantages of

education, natural talent, and acquired knowledge—the faculty, I mean, of foresight and systematic comprehension. But surely morality, which is of equal importance to all men, ought to be grounded, if possible, in that part of our nature which in all men may and ought to be the same: in the conscience and the common sense. Secondly: this criterion confounds morality with law; and when the author adds, that in all probability the divine Justice will be regulated in the final judgment by a similar rule, he draws away the attention from the *will*, that is, from the inward motives and impulses which constitute the essence of *morality*, to the outward act: and thus changes the virtue commanded by the gospel into the mere legality, which was to be enlivened by it. One of the most persuasive, if not one of the strongest, arguments for a future state, rests on the belief, that although by the necessity of things our outward and temporal welfare must be regulated by our outward actions, which alone can be the objects and guides of human law, there must yet needs come a juster and more appropriate sentence hereafter, in

which our *intentions* will be considered, and our happiness and misery made to accord with the grounds of our actions. Our fellow-creatures can only judge what we *are* by what we *do;* but in the eye of our Maker what we *do* is of no worth, except as it flows from what we *are.* Though the fig-tree should produce no visible fruit, yet if the living sap is in it, and if it has struggled to put forth buds and blossoms which have been prevented from maturing by inevitable contingencies of tempests or untimely frosts, the virtuous sap will be accounted as fruit: and the curse of barrenness will light on many a tree, from the boughs of which hundreds have been satisfied, because the omniscient judge knows that the fruits were threaded to the boughs artificially by the outward working of base fear and selfish hopes, and were neither nourished by the love of God or of man, nor grew out of the graces engrafted on the stock by religion. This is not, indeed, *all* that is meant in the apostle's use of the word, FAITH, as the sole principle of justification, but it is included in his meaning

and forms an essential part of it: and I can conceive nothing more groundless, than the alarm, that this doctrine may be prejudicial to outward utility and active well-doing. To suppose that a man should cease to be *beneficent* by becoming *benevolent*, seems to me scarcely less absurd, than to fear that a fire may prevent heat, or that a perennial fountain may prove the occasion of drought. Just and generous actions may proceed from bad motives, and both may, and often do, originate in *parts* and as it were *fragments* of our nature. A lascivious man may sacrifice half his estate to rescue his friend from prison, for he is constitutionally sympathetic, and the better part of his nature happened to be uppermost. The same man shall afterwards exert the same disregard of money in an attempt to seduce that friend's wife or daughter. But faith is a *total* act of the soul: it is the *whole* state of the mind, or it is not at all! and in this consists its power, as well as its exclusive worth.

This subject is of such immense importance to the welfare of all men, and the under-

standing of it to the present tranquility of many thousands at this time and in this country, that should there be one only of all my Readers, who should receive conviction or an additional light from what is here written, I dare hope that a great majority of the rest would in consideration of that solitary effect think these paragraphs neither wholly uninteresting or altogether without value. For this cause I will endeavour so to explain this principle, that it may be intelligible to the simplest capacity. The apostle tells those who would substitute obedience for faith (addressing the man as obedience personified) "*Know that thou bearest not the Root, but the ROOT thee*"—a sentence which, methinks, should have rendered all disputes concerning faith and good works impossible among those who profess to take the Scriptures for their guide. It would appear incredible, if the fact were not notorious, that two sects should ground and justify their opposition to each other, the one on the words of the apostle, that we are justified by faith, i. e. the inward and absolute ground of our actions; and the

other on the declaration of Christ, that he will judge us according to our actions. As if an action could be either good or bad disjoined from its principle! as if it could be, in the christian and only proper sense of the word, an *action* at all, and not rather a mechanic series of lucky or unlucky motions! Yet it may be well worth the while to shew the beauty and harmony of these twin truths, or rather of this one great truth considered in its two principal bearings. God will judge each man before all men: consequently he will judge us relatively to man. But man knows not the heart of man; scarcely does any one know his own. There must therefore be outward and visible signs, by which men may be able to judge of the inward state: and thereby justify the ways of God to their own spirits, in the reward or punishment of themselves and their fellow-men. Now good works are these signs, and as such become necessary. In short there are two parties, God and the human race: and both are to be satisfied! first, *God*, who seeth the root and knoweth the heart: therefore there must be

faith, or the entire and absolute principle. Then *man*, who can judge only by the fruits: therefore that faith must bear fruits of righteousness, that principle must *manifest* itself by actions. But that which God sees, *that* alone justifies! What man sees, does *in this life* shew that the justifying principle *may* be the root of the thing seen; but in the final judgement the acceptance of these actions will shew, that this principle actually *was* the root. In this world a good life is a *presumption* of a good man: his virtuous actions are the only possible, though still ambiguous, manifestations of his virtue: but the absence of a good life is not only a presumption, but a proof of the contrary, as long as it continues. Good works may exist *without* saving principles, and therefore *cannot* contain in themselves the principle of salvation; but saving principles never did, never can, exist without good works. On a subject of such infinite importance, I have feared prolixity less than obscurity. Men often talk against faith, and make strange monsters in their imagination of those who profess to abide by the words of the Apostle

interpreted literally: and yet in their ordinary feelings they themselves judge and act by a similar principle. For what is love without kind offices, wherever they are possible? (and they are always possible, if not by actions commonly so called, yet by kind words, by kind looks; and, where even these are out of our power, by kind thoughts and fervent prayers!) yet what noble mind would not be offended, if he were supposed to value the serviceable offices equally with the love that produced them; or if he were thought to value the love for the sake of the services, and not the services for the sake of the love?

I return to the question of general consequences, considered as the criterion of moral actions. The admirer of Paley's System is required to suspend for a short time the objection, which, I doubt not, he has already made, that general consequences are stated by Paley as the criterion of the action, not of the agent. I will endeavour to satisfy him on this point, when I have completed my present chain of argument. It has been shewn, that this criterion is no less *ideal* than that of any former

system: that is, it is no less incapable of receiving any external experimental proof, compulsory on the understandings of all men, such as the criteria exhibited in chemistry. Yet, unlike the elder Systems of Morality, it remains in the world of the senses, without deriving any evidence therefrom. The agent's mind is compelled to go out of itself in order to bring back *conjectures*, the probability of which will vary with the shrewdness of the individual. But this criterion is not only ideal: it is likewise imaginary. If we believe in a scheme of Providence, all actions alike work for good. There is not the least ground for supposing that the crimes of Nero were less instrumental in bringing about our present advantages, than the virtues of the Antonines. Lastly; the criterion is either nugatory or false. It is demonstrated, that the only *real* consequences cannot be meant. The individual is to *imagine* what the general consequences *would* be, all other things remaining the same, if all men were to act as he is about to act. I scarcely need remind the reader, what a source of self delusion and sophistry is here opened to a mind in a

state of temptation. Will it not say to itself, I know that all men will *not* act so: and the immediate good consequences, which I shall obtain, are *real*, while the bad consequences are imaginary and improbable? When the foundations of morality have once been laid in outward consequences, it will be in vain to recall to the mind, what the consequences would be, were all men to reason in the same way: for the very excuse of this mind to itself is, that neither its action nor its reasoning is likely to have any consequences at all, its immediate object excepted. But suppose the mind in its sanest state. How can it possibly form a notion of the nature of an action considered as indefinitely multiplied, unless it has previously a distinct notion of the nature of the single action itself, which is the multiplicand? If I conceive a crown multiplied a hundred fold, the single crown enables me to understand what a hundred crowns are; but how can the notion hundred teach me what a crown is? For the crown substitute X. Y. or abracadabra, and my imagination may multiply it to infinity, yet remain as much at a loss as

before. But if there be any means of ascertaining the action in and for itself, what further do we want? Would we give light to the sun, or look at our own fingers through a telescope? The nature of every action is determined by all its circumstances: alter the circumstances and a similar set of *motions* may be repeated, but they are no longer the same or similar action. What would a surgeon say, if he were advised not to cut off a limb, because if all men were to do the same, the consequences would be dreadful? Would not his answer be—"Whoever does the same under the same circumstances, and with the same motives, will do right; but if the circumstances and motives are different, what have I to do with it?" I confess myself unable to divine any possible use, or even meaning, in this doctrine of general consequences, unless it be, that in all our actions we are bound to consider the effect of our example, and to guard as much as possible against the hazard of their being misunderstood. I will not slaughter a lamb, or drown a litter of kittens in the presence of my child of four years old, because the

child cannot understand my action, but will understand that his father has inflicted pain, and taken away life from beings that had never offended him. All this is true, and no man in his senses ever thought otherwise. But methinks it is strange to state that as a criterion of morality, which is no more than an accessary aggravation of an action bad in its own nature, or a ground of caution as to the mode and time in which we are to do or suspend what is in itself good or innocent.

The duty of setting a good example is no doubt a most important duty; but the example is good or bad, necessary or unnecessary, according as the action may be, which has a chance of being imitated. I once knew a small, but (in outward circumstances at least) respectable congregation, four-fifths of whom professed that they went to church *entirely* for the example's sake; in other words to cheat each other and act a common lie! These *rational* Christians had not considered, that example may encrease the good or evil of an action, but can never constitute either. If it was a *foolish thing* to kneel when they were

not inwardly praying, or to sit and listen to a discourse of which they believed little and cared nothing, they were setting a foolish *example.* Persons in their *respectable* circumstances do not think it necessary to clean shoes, that by their example they may encourage the shoe-black in continuing *his* occupation: and Christianity does not think so meanly of herself as to fear that the poor and afflicted will be a whit the less pious, though they should see reason to believe that those, who possessed the good things of the present life, were determined to leave all the blessings of the future for their more humble inferiors. If I have spoken with bitterness, let it be recollected that my subject is hypocrisy.

It is likewise fit, that in all our actions we should have considered how far they are likely to be misunderstood, and from superficial resemblances to be confounded with, and so appear to authorize actions of a very different character. But if this caution be intended for a moral rule, the misunderstanding must be such as might be made by persons who are neither very weak nor very wicked. The ap-

parent resemblances between the good action we were about to do and the bad one which might possibly be done in mistaken imitation of it, must be obvious: or that which makes them essentially different, must be subtle or recondite. For what is there which a wicked man blinded by his passions may not, and which a madman will not, misunderstand? It is ridiculous to frame rules of morality with a view to those who are fit objects only for the physician or the magistrate.

The question may be thus illustrated. At Florence there is an unfinished bust of Brutus, by Michael Angelo, under which a Cardinal wrote the following distich:

Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore finxit,
In mentem selceris venit, et abstinuit.

*As the Sculptor was forming the effigy of Brutus, in marble, he recollected his act of guilt and refrained.*

An English Nobleman, indignant at this distich, wrote immediately under it the following:

Brutum effinxisset sculptor, sed mente recursat
Multa viri virtus si stit et obstupuit.

*The Sculptor would have framed a Brutus, but the vast and manifold virtue of the man flashed upon his thought: he stopped and remained in astonished admiration.*

Now which is the nobler and more moral sentiment, the Italian Cardinal's, or the English nobleman's? The Cardinal would appeal to the doctrine of general consequences, and pronounce the death of Cæsar a murder, and Brutus an assassin. For (he would say) if one man may be allowed to kill another because he thinks him a tyrant, religious or political phrenzy may stamp the name of tyrant on the best of kings: regicide will be justified under the pretence of tyrannicide, and Brutus be quoted as authority for the Clements and Ravilliacs. From kings it may pass to generals and statesmen, and from these to any man whom an enemy or enthusiast may pronounce unfit to live. Thus we may have a cobler of Messina in every city, and bravos in our streets as common as in those of Naples, with the name Brutus, on their stilettos.

The Englishman would commence his answer by commenting on the words "because he *thinks* him a tyrant." No! he would reply, not because the patriot *thinks* him a tyrant; but because he *knows* him to be so, and knows likewise, that the vilest of his slaves cannot deny the fact, that he has by violence raised himself

above the laws of his country—because he knows that all good and wise men equally with himself abhor the fact! If there be no such state as that of being broad awake, or no means of distinguishing it when it exists; if because men sometimes dream that they are awake, it must follow that no man, when awake, can be sure that he is not dreaming; if because an hypochondriac is positive that his legs are cylinders of glass, all other men are to learn modesty, and cease to be so positive that their legs are legs; what possible advantage can *your* criterion of GENERAL CONSEQUENCES possess over any other rule of direction? If no man can be sure that what he *thinks* a robber with a pistol at his breast demanding his purse, may not be a good friend enquiring after his health; or that a tyrant (the son of a cobler perhaps, who at the head of a regiment of perjured traitors, has driven the representatives of his country out of the senate at the point of the bayonet, subverted the constitution which had trusted, enriched, and honoured him, trampled on the laws which before God and Man he had sworn to obey, and finally raised himself above all

law) may not, in spite of his own and his neighbours' knowledge of the contrary be a lawful king, who has received his power, however despotic it may be, from the kings his ancestors, who exercises no other power than what had been submitted to for centuries, and been acknowledged as the law of the country; on what ground can you possibly expect less fallibility, or a result more to be relied upon in the same man's calculation of *your* GENERAL CONSEQUENCES? Would *he*, at least, find any difficulty in converting your criterion into an authority for his act? What should prevent a man, whose perceptions and judgements are so strangely distorted, from arguing, that nothing is more devoutly to be wished for, as a general consequence, than that every man, who by violence places himself above the laws of his country, should in all ages and nations be considered by mankind as placed by his own act out of the protection of law, and be treated by them as any other noxious wild beast would be? Do you think it necessary to try adders by a jury? Do you hesitate to shoot a mad dog, because it is not

in your power to have him first tried and condemned at the Old Bailey? On the other hand, what consequence can be conceived more detestable, than one which would set a bounty on the most enormous crime in human nature, and establish it as a law of religion and morality that the accomplishment of the most atrocious guilt invests the perpetrator with impunity, and renders his person for ever sacred and inviolable? For madmen and enthusiasts what avail your moral criterions? But as to your Neapolitan Bravos, if the act of Brutus who "*In pity to the general wrong of Rome, Slew his best lover for the good of Rome,*" authorized by the laws of his country, in manifest opposition to all selfish interests in the face of the Senate, and instantly presenting himself and his cause first to that Senate, and then to the assembled Commons, by them to stand acquitted or condemned—if such an act as this, with all its vast out-jutting circumstances of distinction, can be confounded by any mind, not frantic, with the crime of a cowardly skulking assassin who hires out his dagger for a few crowns to gratify a hatred not his own, or

even with the deed of that man who makes a compromise between his revenge and his cowardice, and stabs in the dark the enemy whom he dared not meet in the open field, or summon before the laws of his country—*what* actions can be so different, that they may not be equally confounded? The ambushed soldier must not fire his musquet, lest *his* example should be quoted by the villain who, to make sure of his booty, discharges his piece at the unsuspicious passenger from behind a hedge. The physician must not administer a solution of arsenic to the leprous, lest *his* example should be quoted by professional poisoners. If no distinction, full and satisfactory to the conscience and common sense of mankind be afforded by the detestation and horror excited in all men, (even in the meanest and most vicious, if they are not wholly monsters) by the act of the assassin, contrasted with the fervent admiration felt by the good and wise in all ages when they mention the name of Brutus; contrasted with the fact that the honour or disrespect with which that name was spoken of, became an historic criterion of a

noble or a base age; and if it is in vain that our own hearts answer to the question of the Poet

> "Is there among the adamantine spheres
> Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
> Aught that with half such majesty can fill
> The human bosom, as when BRUTUS rose
> Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
> Amid the croud of Patriots; and his arm
> Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
> When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
> On Tully's name, and shook his crimson sword,
> And bade the Father of his Country, Hail!
> For lo the Tyrant prostrate on the dust
> And Rome again is free!"———

If, I say, all this be fallacious and insufficient, can we have any firmer reliance on a cold ideal calculation of imaginary GENERAL CONSEQUENCES, which, if they were general, could not be *consequences* at all: for they would be effects of the frenzy or frenzied wickedness, which alone could confound actions so utterly dissimilar? No! (would the ennobled descendant of our Russels or Sidneys conclude) No! Calumnious bigot! never yet did a human

being become an assassin from his own or the general admiration of the hero Brutus; but I dare not warrant, that villains might not be encouraged in their trade of secret murder, by finding their own guilt attributed to the Roman patriot, and might not conclude, that if Brutus be no better than an assassin, an assassin can be no worse than Brutus.

I request, that the preceding be not interpreted as my own judgment on tyrannicide. I think with Machiavel and with Spinosa, for many and weighty reasons assigned by those philosophers, that it is difficult to conceive a case, in which a good man would attempt tyrannicide, because it is difficult to conceive one, in which a wise man would recommend it. In a small state, included within the walls of a single city, and where the tyranny is maintained by foreign guards, it may be otherwise; but in a nation or empire it is perhaps inconceivable, that the circumstances which made a tyranny possible, should not likewise render the removal of the tyrant useless. The patriot's sword may cut off the Hydra's head; but he possesses no brand to

stanch the active corruption of the body, which is sure to re-produce a successor.

I must now in a few words answer the objection to the former part of my argument (for to that part only the objection applies,) namely, that the doctrine of general consequences was stated as the criterion of the action, not of the agent. I might answer, that the author himself had in some measure justified me in not noticing this distinction by holding forth the probability, that the Supreme Judge will proceed by the same rule. The agent may then safely be included in the action, if both here and hereafter the action only and its general consequences will be attended to. But my main ground of justification is, that the distinction itself is merely logical, not real and vital. The character of the agent is determined by his view of the action: and that system of morality is alone true and suited to human nature, which unites the intention and the motive, the warmth and the light, in one and the same act of mind. This alone is worthy to be called a moral principle. Such a principle may be extracted, though not without

difficulty and danger, from the ore of the stoic philosophy; but it is to be found unalloyed and entire in the Christian system, and is there called FAITH.

## ESSAY XII.

The following Address was delivered at Bristol, in the year 1794-95. The only omissions regard the names of persons: and I insert them here in support of the assertion made by me, Vol. II. p. 37—40, and because this very Lecture has been referred to in an infamous Libel in proof of the Author's former Jacobinism. Different as my present convictions are on the subject of philosophical Necessity, I have for this reason left the last page unaltered.

*Αει γαρ της* Ελευθεριας *εφιεμαι· πολλα δε εν και τοις φιλελευθεροις μισητεα, αντελευθερα.*

***Translation.***—For I am always a lover of Liberty; but in those who would appropriate the Title, I find too many points destructive of Liberty and hateful to her genuine advocates.

Companies resembling the present will, from a variety of circumstances, consist *chiefly* of

the zealous Advocates for Freedom. It will therefore be our endeavour, not so much to excite the torpid, as to regulate the feelings of the ardent: and above all, to evince the necessity of *bottoming* on fixed Principles, that so we may not be the unstable Patriots of Passion or Accident, nor hurried away by names of which we have not sifted the meaning, and by tenets of which we have not examined the consequences. The Times are trying; and in order to be prepared against their difficulties, we should have acquired a prompt facility of adverting in all our doubts to some grand and comprehensive Truth. In a deep and strong soil must that tree fix its roots, the height of which is to "reach to Heaven, and the sight of it to the ends of all the Earth."

The example of France is indeed a "Warning to Britain." A nation wading to their rights through blood, and marking the track of Freedom by Devastation! Yet let us not embattle our Feelings against our Reason. Let us not indulge our malignant passions under the mask of Humanity. Instead of railing with infuriate declamation against these excesses, we shall be more profitably employed

in developing the sources of them. French Freedom is the beacon which if it guides to Equality should shew us likewise the dangers that throng the road.

The annals of the French Revolution have recorded in letters of blood, that the knowledge of the few cannot counteract the ignorance of the many; that the light of philosophy, when it is confined to a small minority, points out the possessors as the victims, rather than the illuminators, of the multitude. The patriots of France either hastened into the dangerous and gigantic error of making certain evil the means of contingent good, or were sacrificed by the mob, with whose prejudices and ferocity their unbending virtue forbade them to assimilate. Like Sampson, the people were strong —like Sampson, the people were blind. Those two massy pillars of the temple of Oppression, their Monarchy and Aristocracy,

With horrible Convulsion to and fro
They tugg'd, they shook—till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, and Priests,
Their choice nobility! MILTON. SAM. AGON.

The Girondists, who were the first republicans in power, were men of enlarged views and great literary attainments; but they seem to have been deficient in that vigour and daring activity, which circumstances made necessary. Men of genius are rarely either prompt in action or consistent in general conduct. Their early habits have been those of contemplative indolence; and the day-dreams, with which they have been accustomed to amuse their solitude, adapt them for splendid speculation, not temperate and practicable counsels. Brissot, the leader of the Gironde party, is entitled to the character of a virtuous man, and an eloquent speaker; but he was rather a sublime visionary, than a quick-eyed politician; and his excellences equally with his faults rendered him unfit for the helm in the stormy hour of Revolution. Robespierre, who displaced him, possessed a glowing ardor that still remembered the *end*, and a cool ferocity that never either overlooked, or scrupled the *means*. What that *end* was, is not known: that it was a wicked one, has by no means been proved. I rather think, that the distant prospect, to

which he was travelling, appeared to him grand and beautiful; but that he fixed his eye on it with such intense eagerness as to neglect the foulness of the road. If however his first intentions were pure, his subsequent enormities yield us a melancholy proof, that it is not the character of the possessor which directs the power, but the power which shapes and depraves the character of the possessor. In Robespierre, its influence was assisted by the properties of his disposition.—Enthusiasm, even in the gentlest temper, will frequently generate sensations of an unkindly order. If we clearly perceive any one thing to be of vast and infinite importance to ourselves and all mankind, our first feelings impel us to turn with angry contempt from those, who doubt and oppose it. The ardor of undisciplined benevolence seduces us into malignity: and whenever our hearts are warm, and our objects great and excellent, intolerance is the sin that does most easily beset us. But this enthusiasm in Robespierre was blended with gloom, and suspiciousness, and inordinate vanity. His dark imagination was still brooding over

supposed plots against freedom—to prevent tyranny he became a tyrant—and having realized the evils which he suspected, a wild and dreadful tyrant.—Those loud-tongued adulators, the mob, overpowered the lone-whispered denunciations of conscience—he despotized in all the pomp of patriotism, and masqueraded on the bloody stage of revolution, a Caligula with the cap of liberty on his head.

It has been affirmed, and I believe with truth, that the system of Terrorism by suspending the struggles of contrariant factions communicated an energy to the operations of the Republic, which had been hitherto unknown, and without which it could not have been preserved. The system depended for its existence on the general sense of its necessity and when it had answered its end, it was soon destroyed by the same power that had given it birth—popular opinion. It must not however be disguised, that at *all* times, but more especially when the public feelings are wavy and tumultuous, artful demagogues may create this opinion: and they, who are inclined to tolerate evil as the means of contingent good,

should reflect, that if the excesses of terrorism gave to the Republic that efficiency and *repulsive* force which its circumstances made necessary, they likewise afforded to the hostile courts the most powerful support, and excited that indignation and horror, which every where precipitated the subject into the designs of the ruler. Nor let it be forgotten that these excesses perpetuated the war in La Vendee and made it more terrible, both by the accession of numerous partizans, who had fled from the persecution of Robespierre, and by inspiring the Chouans with fresh fury, and an unsubmitting spirit of revenge and desperation.

Revolutions are sudden to the unthinking only. Political disturbances happen not without their warning harbingers. Strange rumblings and confused noises still precede these earthquakes and hurricanes of the moral world. The process of revolution in France has been dreadful, and should incite us to examine with an anxious eye the motives and manners of those, whose conduct and opinions seem calculated to forward a similar event in our own country. The oppositionists to "things as

they are," are divided into many and different classes. To delineate them with an unflattering accuracy may be a delicate, but it is a necessary task, in order that we may enlighten, or at least beware of the misguided men who have enlisted under the banners of liberty, from no principles or with bad ones: whether they be those, who

> admire they know not what,
> And know not whom, but as one leads to the other:

or whether those,

> Whose end is private hate, not help to freedom,
> Adverse and turbulent when she would lead
> To virtue.

The majority of democrats appear to me to have attained that portion of knowledge in politics, which infidels possess in religion. I would by no means be supposed to imply, that the objections of both are equally unfounded, but that they both attribute to the system which they reject, all the evils existing under it; and that both contemplating truth and justice "in the nakedness of abstraction," condemn constitutions and dispensations with-

out having sufficiently examined the natures, circumstances and capacities of their recipients.

The first class among the professed friends of liberty is composed of men, who unaccustomed to the labour of thorough investigation, and not particularly oppressed by the burthens of state, are yet impelled by their feelings to disapprove of its grosser depravities, and prepared to give an indolent vote in favour of reform. Their sensibilities unbraced by the co-operation of fixed principles, they offer no sacrifices to the divinity of active virtue. Their political opinions depend with weather-cock uncertainty on the winds of rumour, that blow from France. On the report of French victories they blaze into republicanism, at a tale of French excesses they darken into aristocrats. These *dough-baked patriots* are not however useless. This oscillation of political opinion will retard the day of revolution, and it will operate as a preventive to its excesses. Indecisiveness of character, though the effect of timidity, is almost always associated with benevolence.

Wilder features characterize the second class.

Sufficiently possessed of natural sense to despise the priest, and of natural feeling to hate the oppressor, they listen only to the inflammatory harangues of some mad-headed enthusiast, and imbibe from them poison, not food; rage, not liberty. Unillumined by philosophy, and stimulated to a lust of revenge by aggravated wrongs, they would make the altar of freedom stream with blood, while the grass grew in the desolated halls of justice.

We contemplate those principles with horror. Yet they possess a kind of wild justice well calculated to spread them among the grossly ignorant. To unenlightened minds, there are terrible charms in the idea of retribution, however savagely it be inculcated. The groans of the oppressors make fearful yet pleasant music to the ear of him, whose mind is darkness, and into whose soul the iron has entered.

This class, at present, is comparatively small —Yet soon to form an overwhelming majority, unless great and immediate efforts are used to lessen the intolerable grievances of our poor brethren, and infuse into their sorely wounded hearts the healing qualities of know-

ledge. For can we wonder that men should want humanity, who want all the circumstances of life that humanize? Can we wonder that with the ignorance of brutes they should unite their ferocity? Peace and comfort be with these! But let us shudder to hear from men of dissimilar opportunities sentiments of similar revengefulness. The purifying alchemy of education may transmute the fierceness of an ignorant man into virtuous energy—but what remedy shall we apply to him, whom plenty has not softened, whom knowledge has not taught benevolence? This is one among the many fatal effects which result from the want of fixed principles.

There is a third class among the friends of freedom, who possess not the wavering character of the first description, nor the ferocity last delineated. They pursue the interests of freedom steadily, but with narrow and self-centering views: they anticipate with exultation the abolition of privileged orders, and of acts that persecute by exclusion from the right of citizenship. They are prepared to join in digging up the rubbish of mouldering establish-

ments, and stripping off the tawdry pageantry of governments. Whatever is above them they are most willing to drag down; but every proposed alteration that would elevate the ranks of our poorer brethren, they regard with suspicious jealousy, as the dreams of the visionary; as if there were any thing in the superiority of Lord to Gentleman, so mortifying in the barrier, so fatal to happiness in the consequences, as the more real distinction of master and servant, of rich man and of poor. Wherein am I made worse by my ennobled neighbour? Do the childish titles of Aristocracy detract from my domestic comforts, or prevent my intellectual acquisitions? But those institutions of society which should condemn me to the necessity of twelve hours daily toil, would make my *soul* a slave, and sink the *rational* being in the mere animal. It is a mockery of our fellow creatures' wrongs to call them equal in rights, when by the bitter compulsion of their wants we make them inferior to us in all that can soften the heart, or dignify the understanding. Let us not say that this is the work of time—that it is impracticable at present,

unless we each in our individual capacities do strenuously and perseveringly endeavour to diffuse among our domestics those comforts and that illumination which far beyond all political ordinances are the true equalizers of men.

We turn with pleasure to the contemplation of that small but glorious band, whom we may truly distinguish by the name of thinking and disinterested patriots. These are the men who have encouraged the sympathetic passions till they have become irresistible habits, and made their duty a necessary part of their self-interest, by the long-continued cultivation of that moral taste which derives our most exquisite pleasures from the contemplation of possible perfection, and proportionate pain from the perception of existing *depravation.* Accustomed to regard all the affairs of man as a process, they never hurry and they never pause. Theirs is not that twilight of political knowledge which gives us just light enough to place one foot before the other; as they advance the scene still opens upon them, and they press right onward with a vast and various landscape

of existence around them. Calmness and energy mark all their actions. Convinced that vice originates not in the man, but in the surrounding circumstances; not in the heart, but in the understanding; he is hopeless concerning no one—to correct a vice or generate a virtuous conduct he pollutes not his hands with the scourge of coercion; but by endeavouring to alter the circumstances would remove, or by strengthening the intellect, disarms the temptation. The unhappy children of vice and folly, whose tempers are adverse to their own happiness as well as to the happiness of others, will at times awaken a natural pang; but he looks forward with gladdened heart to that glorious period when justice shall have established the universal fraternity of love. These soul-ennobling views bestow the virtues which they anticipate. He whose mind is habitually imprest with them soars above the present state of humanity, and may be justly said to dwell in the presence of the Most High.

——————————————would the forms
Of servile custom cramp the patriot's power?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth

Of ignorance and rapine, bow him down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! he appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons—all declare
For what the Eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being—to be great like him,
Beneficent and active.

AKENSIDE.

That general illumination should precede revolution, is a truth as obvious, as that the vessel should be cleansed before we fill it with a pure liquor. But the mode of diffusing it is not discoverable with equal facility. We certainly should never attempt to make proselytes by appeals to the *selfish* feelings—and consequently, should plead *for* the oppressed, not *to* them. The author of an essay on political justice considers private societies as the sphere of real utility—that (each one illuminating those immediately beneath him,) truth by a gradual descent, may at last reach the lowest

order. But this is rather plausible than just or practicable. Society as at present constituted does not resemble a chain that ascends in a continuity of links. Alas! between the parlour and the kitchen, the tap and the coffee-room—there is a gulph that may not be passed. He would appear to me to have adopted the best as well as the most benevolent mode of diffusing truth, who uniting the zeal of the Methodist with the views of the Philosopher, should be *personally* among the the poor, and teach them their *duties* in order that he may render them susceptible of their *rights*.

Yet by what means can the lower classes be made to learn their duties, and urged to practise them? The human race may perhaps possess the capability of all excellence; and truth, I doubt not, is omnipotent to a mind already disciplined for its reception; but assuredly the over-worked labourer, skulking into an ale-house, is not likely to exemplify the one, or prove the other. In that barbarous tumult of inimical interests, which the present state of society exhibits, *religion* appears to offer the

only means universally *efficient.* The perfectness of future men is indeed a benevolent tenet, and may operate on a few visionaries, whose studious habits supply them with employment, and seclude them from temptation. But a distant prospect, which we are never to reach, will seldom quicken our footsteps, however lovely it may appear; and a blessing, which not ourselves but *posterity* are destined to enjoy, will scarcely influence the actions of *any* —still less of the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the selfish.

"Go preach the GOSPEL to the poor." By its simplicity it will meet their comprehension, by its benevolence soften their affections, by its precepts it will direct their conduct, by the vastness of its motives ensure their obedience. The situation of the poor is perilous: they are indeed both

> "from within and from without
> *Unarmed* to all temptations."

Prudential reasonings will in general be powerless with them. For the incitements of this

world are weak in proportion as we are wretched—

> The world is not *my* friend, nor the world's law.
> The world has got no law to make *me* rich.

They too, who live *from hand to mouth*, will most frequently become improvident. Possessing no *stock* of happiness they eagerly seize the gratifications of the moment, and snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them. Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend on association. We love an object if, as often as we see or recollect it, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But alas! how should *he* glow with the charities of father and husband, who gaining scarcely more than his own necessities demand, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children, not as the soothers of finished labour, but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced the tyranny of the *Present* can be overpowered only by the ten-fold

mightiness of the *Future*. Religion will cheer his gloom with her promises, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great Revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden reception of a less degree of amelioration in this world.

But if we hope to instruct others, we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action. The world is a vast labyrinth, in which almost every one is running a different way, and almost every one manifesting hatred to those who do not run the same way. A few indeed stand motionless, and not seeking to lead themselves or others out of the maze, laugh at the failures of their brethren. Yet with little reason: for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does *he* err, who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of Truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it. The happiness of mankind is the *end* of virtue, and Truth is the knowledge of the *means;* which he will never seriously attempt to discover, who has not

habitually interested himself in the welfare of others. The searcher after truth must love and be beloved; for general benevolence is a necessary motive to constancy of pursuit; and this general benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent by social and domestic affections. Let us beware of that proud philosophy, which affects to inculcate philanthropy while it denounces every home-born feeling by which it is produced and nurtured. The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, universal Benevolence. The nearer we approach to the sun, the more intense his heat: yet what corner of the system does he not cheer and vivify?

The man who would find Truth, must likewise seek it with an humble and simple heart, otherwise he will be precipitant and overlook it; or he will be prejudiced, and refuse to see it. *To emancipate itself from the tyranny of association*, is the most arduous effort of the mind, particularly in religious and political disquisitions. The assertors of the system have

associated with it the preservation of order and public virtue; the oppugner of imposture and wars and rapine. Hence, when they dispute, each trembles at the *consequences* of the other's opinions instead of attending to his train of arguments. Of this however we may be certain, whether we be Christians or Infidels, Aristocrats or Republicans, that our minds are in a state unsusceptible of Knowledge, when we feel an eagerness to detect the falsehood of an adversary's reasonings, not a sincere wish to discover if there be Truth in them;—when we examine an argument in order that we may answer it, instead of answering because we have examined it.

Our opponents are chiefly successful in confuting the Theory of Freedom by the practices of its advocates: from our lives they draw the most forcible arguments against our doctrines. Nor have they adopted an unfair mode of reasoning. In a science the evidence suffers neither diminution or increase from the actions of its professors; but the comparative wisdom of political systems depends necessarily on the manners and capacities of the recipients. Why

should all things be thrown into confusion to acquire that liberty which a faction of sensualists and gamblers will neither be able or willing to preserve?

A system of fundamental Reform will scarcely be effected by massacres mechanized into Revolution. We cannot therefore inculcate on the minds of each other too often or with too great earnestness the necessity of cultivating benevolent affections. We should be cautious how we indulge the feelings even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the handsome brother of Anger and Hatred. The temple of Despotism, like that of Tescalipoca, the Mexican deity, is built of human skulls, and cemented with human blood;—let us beware that we be not transported into revenge while we are levelling the loathsome pile; lest when we erect the edifice of Freedom we but vary the stile of architecture, not change the materials. Let us not wantonly offend even the prejudices of our weaker brethren, nor by ill-timed and vehement declarations of opinion excite in them malignant feelings towards us. The energies of mind are wasted in these in-

temperate effusions. Those materials of projectile force, which now carelessly scattered explode with an offensive and useless noise, directed by wisdom and union might heave rocks from their base,—or perhaps (dismissing the metaphor) might produce the desired effect without the convulsion.

For this "subdued sobriety" of temper a practical faith in the doctrine of philosophical necessity seems the only preparative. That vice is the effect of error and the offspring of surrounding circumstances, the object therefore of condolence not of anger, is a proposition easily understood, and as easily demonstrated. But to make it spread from the understanding to the affections, to call it into action, not only in the great exertions of patriotism, but in the daily and hourly occurrences of social life, requires the most watchful attentions of the most energetic mind. It is not enough that we have once swallowed these truths—we must feed on them, as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be coloured by their qualities, and shew its food in every the minutest fibre.

Finally, in the words of an Apostle,

Watch ye! Stand fast in the principles of which ye have been convinced! Quit yourselves like men! Be strong! Yet let all things be done in the spirit of love.

THE

SECOND

# LANDING-PLACE:

OR

*ESSAYS*

INTERPOSED

FOR AMUSEMENT, RETROSPECT,

AND

*PREPARATION.*

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MISCELLANY THE SECOND.

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Etiam *a musis* si quando animum paulisper abducamus, apud Musas nihilominus feriamur: at reclines quidem, at otiosas, at de his et illis inter se liberè colloquentes.

Three Graves

## ESSAY I.

It were a wantonness and would demand
Severe reproof if we were men whose hearts
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw
A momentary pleasure, never mark'd
By reason, barren of all future good.
But we have known that there is often found
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found
A power to virtue friendly.——WORDSWORTH. MSS.

I know not how I can better commence my second LANDING PLACE, as joining on to the section of Politics, than by the following proof of the severe miseries which misgovernment may occasion in a country nominally free. In the homely Ballad of the THREE GRAVES (published in my SYBILLINE Leaves) I have attempted to exemplify the effect, which one painful idea vividly impressed on the mind under unusual circumstances, might have in

producing an alienation of the understanding; and in the parts hitherto published, I have endeavoured to trace the progress to madness, step by step. But though the main incidents are facts, the detail of the circumstances is of my own invention: that is, not what I knew, but what I conceived likely to have been the case, or at least equivalent to it. In the tale that follows, I present an instance of the same causes acting upon the mind to the production of conduct as wild as that of madness, but without any positive or permanent loss of the Reason or the Understanding; and this in a real occurrence, real in all its parts and particulars. But in truth this tale overflows with a human interest, and needs no philosophical deduction to make it impressive. The account was published in the city in which the event took place, and in the same year I read it, when I was in Germany, and the impression made on my memory was so deep, that though I relate it in my own language, and with my own feelings, and in reliance on the fidelity of my recollection, I dare vouch for the accuracy of the narration in all important particulars.

The imperial free towns of Germany are, with only two or three exceptions, enviably distinguished by the virtuous and primitive manners of the citizens, and by the parental character of their several governments. As exceptions, however, we must mention Aix la Chapelle, poisoned by French manners, and the concourse of gamesters and sharpers; and Nuremberg, whose industrious and honest inhabitants deserve a better fate than to have their lives and properties under the guardianship of a wolfish and merciless oligarchy, proud from ignorance, and remaining ignorant through pride. It is from the small States of Germany, that our writers on political economy might draw their most forcible instances of actually oppressive, and even mortal, taxation, and gain the clearest insight into the causes and circumstances of the injury. One other remark, and I proceed to the story. I well remember, that the event I am about to narrate, called forth, in several of the German periodical publications, the most passionate (and in more than one instance, blasphemous) declamations, concerning the incomprehensi-

bility of the moral government of the world, and the seeming injustice and cruelty of the dispensations of Providence. But, assuredly, every one of my readers, however deeply he may sympathize with the poor sufferers, will at once answer all such declamations by the simple reflection, that no one of these awful events could possibly have taken place under a wise police and humane government, and that men have no right to complain of Providence for evils which they themselves are competent to remedy by mere common sense, joined with mere common humanity.

Maria Eleonora Schoning, was the daughter of a Nuremberg wire-drawer. She received her unhappy existence at the price of her mother's life, and at the age of seventeen she followed, as the sole mourner, the bier of her remaining parent. From her thirteenth year she had passed her life at her father's sick-bed, the gout having deprived him of the use of his limbs: and beheld the arch of heaven only when she went to fetch food or medicines. The discharge of her filial duties occupied the

whole of her time and all her thoughts. She was his only nurse, and for the last two years they lived without a servant. She prepared his scanty meal, she bathed his aching limbs, and though weak and delicate from constant confinement and the poison of melancholy thoughts, she had acquired an unusual power in her arms, from the habit of lifting her old and suffering father out of and into his bed of pain. Thus passed away her early youth in sorrow: she grew up in tears, a stranger to the amusements of youth, and its more delightful schemes and imaginations. She was not, however, unhappy: she attributed, indeed, no merit to herself for her virtues, but for that reason were they the more her reward. The *peace, which passeth all understanding*, disclosed itself in all her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance, like a steady unshadowed moonlight: and her voice, which was naturally at once sweet and subtle, came from her, like the fine flute-tones of a masterly performer, which still floating at some uncertain distance, seem to be created by the player, rather than to proceed from the instrument. If you had

listened to it in one of those brief sabbaths of the soul, when the activity and discursiveness of thet houghts are suspended, and the mind quietly *eddies* round, instead of flowing onward—(as at late evening in the spring I have seen a bat wheel in silent circles round and round a fruit-tree in full blossom, in the midst of which, as within a close tent of the purest white, an unseen nightingale was piping its sweetest notes)—in such a mood you might have half-fancied, half-felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own—that it was a living something, whose mode of existence was for the ear only: so deep was her resignation, so entirely had it become the unconscious habit of her nature, and in all she did or said, so perfectly were both her movements and her utterance without effort and without the appearance of effort! Her dying father's last words, addressed to the clergyman who attended him, were his grateful testimony, that during his long and sore trial his good Maria had behaved to him like an angel: that the most disagreeable offices and the least suited to her age and sex, had never drawn an un-

willing look from her, and that whenever his eye had met her's, he had been sure to see in it either the tear of pity or the sudden smile expressive of her affection and wish to cheer him. God (said he) will reward the good girl for all her long dutifulness to me! He departed during the inward prayer, which followed these his last words. His wish will be fulfilled in eternity; but for this world the prayer of the dying man was not heard!

Maria sate and wept by the grave, which now contained her father, her friend, the only bond by which she was linked to life. But while yet the last sound of his death-bell was murmuring away in the air, she was obliged to return with two Revenue Officers, who demanded entrance into the house, in order to take possession of the papers of the deceased, and from them to discover whether he had always given in his income, and paid the yearly income-tax according to his oath, and in proportion to his property.* After the few

* This tax called the Losung or Ransom, in Nuremberg, was at first a voluntary contribution: every one gave according to his liking or circumstances. But

documents had been looked through and collated with the registers, the officers found, or pretended to find, sufficient proofs, that the deceased had not paid his tax proportionably, which imposed on them the duty to put all the effects under lock and seal. They therefore desired the maiden to retire to an empty room, till the Ransom Office had decided on the affair. Bred up in suffering, and habituated to immediate compliance, the affrighted and

in the beginning of the 15th century the heavy contributions levied for the service of the Empire, forced the magistrates to determine the proportions and make the payment compulsory. At the time in which this event took place, 1787, every citizen must yearly take what was called his Ransom Oath (Losungseid) that the sum paid by him had been in the strict determinate proportion to his property. On the death of any citizen, the Ransom Office, or commissioners for this income or property tax, possess the right to examine his books and papers, and to compare his yearly payment as found in their registers with the property he appears to have possessed during that time If any disproportion appeared, if the yearly declarations of the deceased should have been inaccurate in the least degree, his whole effects are confiscated, and though he should have left wife and child, the state treasury becomes his heir.

weeping maiden obeyed. She hastened to the empty garret, while the Revenue Officers placed the lock and seal upon the other doors, and finally took away the papers to the Ransom Office.

Not before evening did the poor faint Maria, exhausted with weeping, rouse herself with the intention of going to her bed: but she found the door of her chamber sealed up and must pass the night on the floor of the garret. The officers had had the humanity to place at the door the small portion of food that happened to be in the house. Thus passed several days, till the officers returned with an order that MARIA ELENORA SCHONING should leave the house without delay, the commission Court having confiscated the whole property to the City Treasury. The father before he was bed-ridden had never possessed any considerable property; but yet, by his industry, had been able not only to keep himself free from debt, but to lay up a small sum for the evil day. Three years of evil days, three whole years of sickness, had consumed the greatest part of this; yet still enough re-

mained not only to defend his daughter from immediate want, but likewise to maintain her till she could get into some service or employment, and have recovered her spirits sufficiently to bear up against the hardships of life. With this thought her dying father comforted himself, and this hope too proved vain!

A timid girl, whose past life had been made up of sorrow and privation, she went indeed to solicit the commissioners in her own behalf; but these were, as is mostly the case on the Continent, advocates—the most hateful class, perhaps, of human society, hardened by the frequent sight of misery, and seldom superior in moral character to English pettifoggers or Old Bailey attornies. She went to them, indeed, but not a word could she say for herself. Her tears and inarticulate sounds—for these her judges had no ears or eyes. Mute and confounded, like an unfledged dove fallen out from its mother's nest, Maria betook herself to her home, and found the house door too now shut upon her. Her whole wealth consisted in the clothes she wore. She had no relations to whom she could apply, for those of her

mother had disclaimed all acquaintance with her, and her father was a Nether Saxon by birth. She had no acquaintance, for all the friends of old Schoning had forsaken him in the first year of his sickness. She had no playfellow, for who was likely to have been the companion of a nurse in the room of a sick man? Surely, since the creation never was a human being more solitary and forsaken, than this innocent poor creature, that now roamed about friendless in a populous city, to the whole of whose inhabitants her filial tenderness, her patient domestic goodness, and all her soft yet difficult virtues, might well have been the model.

> "But homeless near a thousand homes she stood,
> And near a thousand tables pin'd and wanted food!"

The night came, and Maria knew not where to find a shelter. She tottered to the church-yard of the St. James' church in Nuremberg, where the body of her father rested. Upon the yet grassless grave she threw herself down; and could anguish have prevailed over youth, that night she had been in heaven. The day came,

and like a guilty thing, this guiltless, this good being, stole away from the crowd that began to pass through the church-yard, and hastening through the streets to the city gate, she hid herself behind a garden hedge just beyond it, and there wept away the second day of her desolation. The evening closed in: the pang of hunger made itself felt amid the dull aching of self-wearied anguish, and drove the sufferer back again into the city. Yet what could she gain there? She had not the courage to beg, and the very thought of stealing never occurred to her innocent mind. Scarce conscious whither she was going, or why she went, she found herself once more by her father's grave, as the last relict of evening faded away in the horizon. I have sate for some minutes with my pen resting: I can scarce summon the courage to tell, what I scarce know, whether I ought to tell. Were I composing a tale of fiction, the reader might justly suspect the purity of my own heart, and most certainly would have abundant right to resent such an incident, as an outrage wantonly offered to his imagination. As I think of the circumstance,

it seems more like a distempered dream: but alas! what is guilt so detestable other than a dream of madness, that worst madness, the madness of the heart? I cannot but believe, that the dark and restless passions must first have drawn the mind in upon themselves, and as with the confusion of imperfect sleep, have in some strange manner taken away the sense of reality, in order to render it possible for a human being to perpetrate what it is too certain that human beings have perpetrated. The church-yards in most of the German cities, and too often, I fear in those of our own country, are not more injurious to health than to morality. Their former venerable character is no more. The religion of the place has followed its superstitions, and their darkness and loneliness tempt worse spirits to roam in them than those whose nightly wanderings appalled the believing hearts of our brave forefathers! It was close by the new-made grave of her father, that the meek and spotless daughter became the victim to brutal violence, which weeping and watching and cold and hunger had rendered her utterly unable to resist. The

monster left her in a trance of stupefaction, and into her right hand, which she had clenched convulsively, he had forced a half-dollar.

It was one of the darkest nights of autumn: in the deep and dead silence the only sounds audible were the slow blunt ticking of the church clock, and now and then the sinking down of bones in the nigh charnal house. Maria, when she had in some degree recovered her senses, sate upon the grave near which—not her innocence had been sacrificed, but that which, from the frequent admonitions and almost the dying words of her father, she had been accustomed to consider as such. Guiltless, she felt the pangs of guilt, and still continued to grasp the coin which the monster had left in her hand, with an anguish as sore as if it had been indeed the wages of voluntary prostitution. Giddy and faint from want of food, her brain becoming feverish from sleeplessness, and this unexampled concurrence of calamities, this complication and entanglement of misery in misery! she imagined that she heard her father's voice bidding her leave his sight. His last blessings had been conditional,

for in his last hours he had told her, that the loss of her innocence would not let him rest quiet in his grave. His last blessings now sounded in her ears like curses, and she fled from the church-yard as if a dæmon had been chasing her; and hurrying along the streets, through which it is probable her accursed violater had walked with quiet and orderly step* to his place of rest and security, she was

* It must surely have been after hearing of or witnessing some similar event or scene of wretchedness, that the most eloquent of our Writers (I had almost said of our Poets) Jeremy Taylor, wrote the following paragraph, which at least in Longinus's sense of the word, we may place among the most *sublime* passages in English Literature. "He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans: *and yet a careless merry sinner is worse than all that.* But if we could from one of the battlements of Heaven espy, how many men and women

seized by the watchmen of the night—a welcome prey, as they receive in Nuremberg half a gulden from the police chest, for every woman that they find in the streets after ten o'clock at night. It was midnight, and she was taken to the next watch-house.

The sitting magistrate, before whom she was carried the next morning, prefaced his first question with the most opprobrious title that ever belonged to the most hardened street-walkers, and which man born of woman should

at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of great evils and constant calamities: let us remove hence, at least in affections and preparations of mind.

*Holy Dying*, *Chap.* 1, *Sect.* 5.

not address even to these, were it but for his own sake. The frightful name awakened the poor orphan from her dream of guilt, it brought back the consciousness of her innocence, but with it the sense likewise of her wrongs and of her helplessness. The cold hand of death seemed to grasp her, she fainted dead away at his feet, and was not without difficulty recovered. The magistrate was so far softened, and only so far, as to dismiss her for the present; but with a menace of sending her to the House of Correction if she were brought before him a second time. The idea of her own innocence now became uppermost in her mind; but mingling with the thought of her utter forlornness, and the image of her angry father, and doubtless still in a state of bewilderment, she formed the resolution of drowning herself in the river Pegnitz—in order (for this was the shape which her fancy had taken) to throw herself at her father's feet, and to justify her innocence to him in the World of Spirits. She hoped, that her father would speak for her to the Saviour, and that she should be forgiven. But as she was passing through the suburb,

she was met by a soldier's wife, who during the life-time of her father had been occasionally employed in the house as a chare-women. This poor woman was startled at the disordered apparel, and more disordered looks of her young mistress, and questioned her with such an anxious and heart-felt tenderness, as at once brought back the poor orphan to her natural feelings and the obligations of religion. As a frightened child throws itself into the arms of its mother, and hiding its head on her breast, half tells amid sobs what has happened to it, so did she throw herself on the neck of the woman who had uttered the first words of kindness to her since her father's death, and with loud weeping she related what she had endured and what she was about to have done, told her all her *affliction and her misery, the wormwood and the gall!* Her kind-hearted friend mingled tears with tears, pressed the poor forsaken-one to her heart; comforted her with sentences out of the hymn-book; and with the most affectionate entreaties conjured her to give up her horrid purpose, for that life was short, and heaven was for ever.

Maria had been bred up in the fear of God: she now trembled at the thought of her former purpose, and followed her friend Harlin, for that was the name of her guardian angel, to her home hard by. The moment she entered the door she sank down and lay at her full length, as if only to be motionless in a place of shelter had been the fulness of delight. As when a withered leaf, that has been long whirled about by the gusts of autumn, is blown into a cave or hollow tree, it stops suddenly, and all at once looks the very image of quiet—such might this poor orphan appear to the eye of a meditative imagination.

A place of shelter she had attained, and a friend willing to comfort her, all that she could: but the noble-hearted Harlin was herself a daughter of calamity, one who from year to year must lie down in weariness and rise up to labour; for whom this world provides no other comfort but the sleep which enables them to forget it; no other physician but death, which takes them out of it! She was married to one of the city guards, who, like Maria's father, had been long sick and bed-

ridden. Him, herself, and two little children, she had to maintain by washing and *charing*;* and sometime after Maria had been domesticated with them, Harlin told her that she herself had been once driven to a desperate thought by the cry of her hungry children, during a want of employment, and that she had been on the point of killing one of the little-ones, and of then surrendering herself into the hands of justice. In this manner, she had conceived, all would be well provided for; the surviving child would be admitted, as a matter of course, into the Orphan House, and her husband into the Hospital; while she herself would have atoned for her act by a public execution, and together with the child that she had destroyed, would have passed into a state of bliss. All this she related to Maria, and those tragic ideas left but too deep and lasting impression on her mind. Weeks after, she herself renewed the conversation, by expressing to her benefactress her inability to conceive how it was

* I am ignorant, whether there be any classical authority for this word; but I know no other word that expresses occasional day-labour in the houses of others.

possible for one human being to take away the life of another, especially that of an innocent little child. For that reason, replied Harlin, because it was so innocent and so good, I wished to put it out of this wicked world. Thinkest thou then, that I would have my head cut off for the sake of a wicked child? Therefore it was little Nan, that I meant to have taken with me, who, as you see, is always so sweet and patient; little Frank has already his humours and naughty tricks, and suits better for this world. This was the answer. Maria brooded awhile over it in silence, then passionately snatched the children up in her arms, as if she would protect them against their own mother.

For one whole year the orphan lived with the soldier's wife, and by their joint labours barely kept off absolute want. As a little boy (almost a child in size, though in his thirteenth year) once told me of himself, as he was guiding me up the Brocken, in the Hartz Forest, they had but "*little of that, of which a great deal tells but for little.*" But now came the second winter, and with

it came bad times, a season of trouble for this poor and meritorious household. The wife now fell sick: too constant and too hard labour, too scanty and too innutritious food, had gradually wasted away her strength. Maria redoubled her efforts in order to provide bread and fuel for their washing which they took in; but the task was above her powers. Besides, she was so timid and so agitated at the sight of strangers, that sometimes, with the best good-will, she was left without employment. One by one, every article of the least value which they possessed was sold off, except the bed on which the husband lay. He died just before the approach of spring; but about the same time the wife gave signs of convalescence. The physician, though almost as poor as his patients, had been kind to them: silver and gold had he none, but he occasionally brought a little wine, and often assured them that nothing was wanting to her perfect recovery, but better nourishment and a little wine every day. This, however, could not be regularly procured, and Harlin's spirits sank, and as her bodily pain left her she

became more melancholy, silent, and self-involved. And now it was that Maria's mind was incessantly racked by the frightful apprehension, that her friend might be again meditating the accomplishment of her former purpose. She had grown as passionately fond of the two children as if she had borne them under her own heart; but the jeopardy in which she conceived her friend's *salvation* to stand—*this* was her predominant thought. For all the hopes and fears, which under a happier lot would have been associated with the objects of the senses, were transferred, by Maria, to her notions and images of a future state.

In the beginning of March, one bitter cold evening, Maria started up and suddenly left the house. The last morsel of food had been divided betwixt the two children for their breakfast: and for the last hour or more the little boy had been crying for hunger, while his gentler sister had been hiding her face in Maria's lap, and pressing her little body against her knees, in order by that mechanic pressure to dull the aching from emptiness. The tender-

hearted and visionary maiden had watched the mother's eye, and had interpreted several of her sad and steady looks according to her preconceived apprehensions. She had conceived all at once the strange and enthusiastic thought, that she would in some way or other offer her own soul for the salvation of the soul of her friend. The money, which had been left in her hand, flashed upon the eye of her mind, as a single unconnected image: and faint with hunger and shivering with cold, she sallied forth—in search of guilt! Awful are the dispensations of the Supreme, and in his severest judgments the hand of mercy is visible. It was a night so wild with wind and rain, or rather rain and snow mixed together, that a famished wolf would have stayed in his cave, and listened to a howl more fearful than his own. Forlorn Maria! thou wert kneeling in pious simplicity at the grave of thy father, and thou becamest the prey of a monster! Innocent thou wert and without guilt didst thou remain. Now thou goest forth of thy own accord—but God will have pity on thee! Poor bewildered innocent! in thy spotless imagination dwelt no dis-

tinct conception of the evil which thou wentest forth to brave! To save the soul of thy friend was the dream of thy feverish brain, and thou wert again apprehended as an outcast of shameless sensuality, at the moment when thy too spiritualized fancy was busied with the glorified forms of thy friend and of her little ones interceding for thee at the throne of the Redeemer!

At this moment her perturbed fancy suddenly suggested to her a new mean for the accomplishment of her purpose: and she replied to the night-watch, who with a brutal laugh bade her expect on the morrow the unmanly punishment, which to the disgrace of human nature the laws of Protestant states (alas! even those of our own country,) inflict on female vagrants, that she came to deliver herself up as an infanticide. She was instantly taken before the magistrate, through as wild and *pitiless a storm* as ever pelted on a houseless head! through as black and "*tyrannous a night*," as ever aided the workings of a heated brain! Here she confessed that she had been delivered of an infant by the soldier's wife,

Harlin, that she deprived it of life in the presence of Harlin, and according to a plan preconcerted with her, and that Harlin had buried it somewhere in the wood, but where she knew not. During this strange tale she appeared to listen with a mixture of fear and satisfaction, to the howling of the wind; and never sure could a confession of real guilt have been accompanied by a more dreadfully appropriate music! At the moment of her apprehension she had formed the scheme of helping her friend out of the world in a state of innocence. When the soldier's widow was confronted with the orphan, and the latter had repeated her confession to her face, Harlin answered in these words, "For God's sake, Maria! how have I deserved this of *thee?*" Then turning to the magistrate, said, "I know nothing of this." This was the sole answer which she gave, and not another word could they extort from her. The instruments of torture were brought, and Harlin was warned, that if she did not confess of her own accord, the truth would be immediately forced from her. This menace convulsed Maria Schoning

with affright: her intention had been to emancipate herself and her friend from a life of unmixed suffering, without the crime of suicide in either, and with no guilt at all on the part of her friend. The thought of her friend's being put to the torture had not occurred to her. Wildly and eagerly she pressed her friend's hands, already bound in preparation for the torture—she pressed them in agony between her own, and said to her, "Anna! confess it! Anna, dear Anna! it will then be well with all of us! all, all of us! and Frank and little Nan will be put into the Orphan House!" Maria's scheme now passed, like a flash of lightning, through the widow's mind, she acceeded to it at once, kissed Maria repeatedly, and then serenely turning her face to the judge, acknowledged that she had added to the guilt by so obstinate a denial, that all, her friend, had said, had been true, save only that she had thrown the dead infant into the river, and not buried it in the wood.

They were both committed to prison, and as they both persevered in their common confession, the process was soon made out and

the condemnation followed the trial: and the sentence, by which they were both to be beheaded with the sword, was ordered to be put in force on the next day but one. On the morning of the execution, the delinquents were brought together, in order that they might be reconciled with each other, and join in common prayer for forgiveness of their common guilt.

But now Maria's thoughts took another turn. The idea that her benefactress, that so very good a woman, should be violently put out of life, and this with an infamy on her name which would cling for ever to the little orphans, overpowered her. Her own excessive desire to die scarcely prevented her from discovering the whole plan; and when Harlin was left alone with her, and she saw her friend's calm and affectionate look, her fortitude was dissolved: she burst into loud and passionate weeping, and throwing herself into her friend's arms, with convulsive sobs she entreated her forgiveness. Harlin pressed the poor agonized girl to her arms; like a tender mother, she kissed and fondled her wet cheeks, and in the most solemn and emphatic tones assured her,

that there was nothing to forgive. On the contrary, she was her greatest benefactress and the instrument of God's goodness to remove her at once from a miserable world and from the temptation of committing a heavy crime. In vain! Her repeated promises, that she would answer before God for them both, could not pacify the tortured conscience of Maria, till at length the presence of the clergyman and the preparations for receiving the sacrament occasioning the widow to address her thus—"See, Maria! this is the Body and Blood of Christ, which takes away all sin! Let us partake together of this holy repast with full trust in God and joyful hope of our approaching happiness." These words of comfort, uttered with cheering tones, and accompanied with a look of inexpressible tenderness and serenity, brought back peace for a while to her troubled spirit. They communicated together, and on parting, the magnanimous woman once more embraced her young friend: then stretching her hand toward Heaven, said, "Be tranquil Maria! by to-morrow morning we are *there*, and all our sorrows stay here behind us."

I hasten to the scene of the execution: for I anticipate my reader's feelings in the exhaustion of my own heart. Serene and with unaltered countenance the lofty-minded Harlin heard the strokes of the death-bell, stood before the scaffold while the staff was broken over her, and at length ascended the steps, all with a steadiness and tranquillity of manner which was not more distant from fear than from defiance and bravado. Altogether different was the state of poor Maria: with shattered nerves and an agonizing conscience that incessantly accused her as the murderess of her friend, she did not walk but staggered towards the scaffold and stumbled up the steps. While Harlin, who went first, at every step turned her head round and still whispered to her, raising her eyes to heaven,—but a few minutes, Maria! and we are there"! On the scaffold she again bade her farewell, again repeating "Dear Maria! but one minute now, and we are together with God." But when she knelt down and her neck was bared for the stroke, the unhappy girl lost all self-command, and with a loud and piercing shriek she bade them hold

and not murder the innocent. "She is innocent! I have born false witness! I alone am the murderess!" She rolled herself now at the feet of the executioner, and now at those of the clergymen, and conjured them to stop the execution: that the whole story had been invented by herself; that she had never brought forth, much less destroyed, an infant; that for her friend's sake she made this discovery; that for berself she wished to die, and would die gladly, if they would take away her friend, and promise to free her soul from the dreadful agony of having murdered her friend by false witness. The executioner asked Harlin, if there were any truth in what Maria Schoning had said. The Heroine answered with manifest reluctance: "most assuredly she hath said the truth: I confessed myself guilty, because I wished to die and thought it best for both of us: and now that my hope is on the moment of its accomplishment, I cannot be supposed to declare myself innocent for the sake of saving my life—but any wretchedness is to be endured rather than that poor crea-

ture should be hurried out of the world in a state of despair."

The outcry of the attending populace prevailed to suspend the execution: a report was sent to the assembled magistrates, and in the mean time one of the priests reproached the widow in bitter words for her former false confession. What, she replied sternly but without anger, "what would the truth have availed? Before I perceived my friend's purpose I did deny it: my assurance was pronounced an impudent lie: I was already bound for the torture, and so bound that the sinews of my hands started, and one of their worships in the large white peruke, threatened that he would have me stretched till the sun shone through me! and that then I should cry out, Yes, when it was too late." The priest was hard-hearted or superstitious enough to continue his reproofs, to which the noble woman condescended no further answer. The other clergyman, however, was both more rational and more humane. He succeeded in silencing his colleague, and the former half of the long hour,

which the magistrates took in making speeches on the *improbability* of the tale instead of re-examining the culprits in person, he employed in gaining from the widow a connected account of all the circumstances, and in listening occasionally to Maria's passionate descriptions of all her friend's goodness and magnanimity. For she had gained an influx of life and spirit from the assurance in her mind, both that she had now rescued Harlin from death and was about to expiate the guilt of her purpose by her own execution. For the latter half of the time the clergyman remained in silence, lost in thought, and momently expecting the return of the messenger. All which during the deep silence of this interval could be heard, was one exclamation of Harlin to her unhappy friend—Oh! Maria! Maria! couldst thou but have kept up thy courage but for another minute, we should have been now in heaven! The messenger came back with an order from the magistrates——to proceed with the execution! With re-animated countenance Harlin placed her neck on the block and her head was severed from her body amid a general shriek from the

crowd. The executioner fainted after the blow, and the under hangman was ordered to take his place. He was not wanted. Maria was already gone: her body was found as cold as if she had been dead for some hours. The flower had been snapt in the storm, before the scythe of violence could come near it.

## ESSAY II.

The History of Times representeth the magnitude of actions and the *public* faces or deportment of persons, and passeth over in silence the smaller passages and motions of men and matters. But such being the workmanship of God, that he doth hang the greatest weight upon the smallest wires, maxima e minimis suspendens: it comes therefore to pass, that Histories do rather set forth the pomp of business than the true and inward resorts thereof. But Lives, if they be well written, *propounding to themselves a person to represent* in whom actions both greater and smaller, public and private, have a commixture, must of necessity contain a more true, native, and lively representation.—LORD BACON.

MANKIND in general are so little in the habit of looking steadily at their own meaning, or of weighing the words by which they express it, that the writer, who is careful to do both, will sometimes mislead his readers through the

very excellence which qualifies him to be their instructor: and this with no other fault on his part, than the modest mistake of supposing in those, to whom he addresses himself, an intellect as watchful as his own. The inattentive Reader adopts as unconditionally true, or perhaps rails at his Author for having stated as such, what upon examination would be found to have been duly limited, and would so have been understood, if opaque spots and false refractions were as rare in the mental as in the bodily eye. The motto, for instance, to this Paper has more than once served as an excuse and authority for huge volumes of biographical minutiæ, which render the real character almost invisible, like clouds of dust on a portrait, or the counterfeit frankincense which smoke-blacks the favorite idol of a Catholic village. Yet Lord Bacon, by the words which I have marked in italics, evidently confines the Biographer to such facts as are either susceptible of some useful general inference, or tend to illustrate those qualities which distinguished the subject of them from ordinary men; while the passage in general was meant

to guard the Historian against considering, as trifles, all that might appear so to those who recognize no greatness in the *mind*, and can conceive no dignity in any incident, which does not act on their senses by its external accompaniments, or on their curiosity by its immediate consequences. Things apparently insignificant are recommended to our notice, not for their own sakes, but for their bearings or influences on things of importance: in other words, when they are insignificant in appearance only.

An inquisitiveness into the minutest circumstances and casual sayings of eminent contemporaries, is indeed quite *natural;* but so are all our follies, and the more natural they are, the more caution should we exert in guarding against them. To scribble trifles even on the perishable glass of an inn window, is the mark of an idler; but to engrave them on the marble monument, sacred to the memory of the departed Great, is something worse than idleness. The spirit of genuine Biography is in nothing more conspicuous, than in the firmness with which it withstands the cravings of

worthless curiosity, as distinguished from the thirst after useful knowledge. For, in the first place, such anecdotes as derive their whole and sole interest from the great name of the person concerning whom they are related; and neither illustrate his general character nor his particular actions, would scarcely have been noticed or remembered except by men of weak minds: it is not unlikely therefore, that they were misapprehended at the time, and it is most probable that they have been related as incorrectly, as they were noticed injudiciously. Nor are the consequences of such garulous Biography merely negative. For as insignificant stories can derive no real respectability from the eminence of the person who happens to be the subject of them, but rather an additional deformity of disproportion, they are apt to have their insipidity seasoned by the same bad passions that accompany the habit of gossiping in general; and the misapprehensions of weak men meeting with the misinterpretations of malignant men, have not seldom formed the ground work of the most grievous calumnies. In the second place, these

trifles are subversive of the great end of Biography, which is to fix the attention, and to interest the feelings, of men on those qualities and actions which have made a particular life worthy of being recorded. It is, no doubt, the duty of an honest Biographer, to pourtray the prominent imperfections as well as excellencies of his Hero; but I am at a loss to conceive how this can be deemed an excuse for heaping together a multitude of particulars, which can prove nothing of any man that might not have been safely taken for granted of all men. In the present age (emphatically the age of personality!) there are more than ordinary motives for withholding all encouragement from this mania of busying ourselves with the names of others, which is still more alarming as a symptom, than it is troublesome as a disease. The Reader must be still less acquainted with contemporary literature than myself—a case not likely to occur—if he needs *me* to inform him, that there are men, who trading in the silliest anecdotes, in unprovoked abuse and senseless eulogy, think themselves nevertheless employed both worthily and honourably;

if only all this be done "*in good set terms*," and from the press, and of *public* characters: a class which has encreased so rapidly of late, that it becomes difficult to discover what characters are to be considered as private. Alas! if these wretched misusers of language, and the means of giving wings to thought, and multip'ying the presence of an individual mind, had ever known, how great a thing the possession of any one simple truth is, and how mean a thing a mere fact is, except as seen in the light of some comprehensive truth; if they had but once experienced the unborrowed complacency, the inward independence, the home-bred strength, with which every clear conception of the reason is accompanied; they would shrink from their own pages as at the remembrance of a crime. For a crime it is, (and the man who hesitates in pronouncing it such, must be ignorant of what mankind owe to books, what he himself owes to them in spite of his ignorance) thus to introduce the spirit of vulgar scandal and personal inquietude into the Closet and the Library, environing with evil passions the very Sanctuaries, to which we should flee for refuge from them!

For to what do these Publications appeal, whether they present themselves as Biography or as anonymous Criticism, but to the same feelings which the scandal-bearers and time-killers of ordinary life seek to gratify in themselves and their listeners? And both the authors and admirers of such publications, in what respect are they less truants and deserters from their own hearts, and from their appointed task of understanding and amending them, than the most garrulous female Chronicler, of the goings-on of yesterday in the families of her neighbours and townsfolk?

THE FRIEND has reprinted the following Biographical sketch, partly indeed in the hope that it may be the means of introducing to the Reader's knowledge, in case he should not have formed an acquaintance with them already, two of the most interesting biographical Works in our language, both for the weight of the matter, and the *in*curiosa felicitas of the style. I refer to Roger North's Examen, and the Life of his brother, the Lord Chancellor North. The pages are all alive with the genuine idioms of our mother-tongue.

A fastidious taste, it is true, will find offence in the occasional vulgarisms, or what we now call *slang*, which not a few of our writers, shortly after the Restoration of Charles the Second, seem to have affected as a mark of loyalty. These instances, however, are but a trifling drawback. They are not *sought for*, as is too often and too plainly done by L'Estrange, Collyer, Tom Brown, and their imitations. North never goes out of his way either to seek them or to avoid them; and in the main his language gives us the very nerve, pulse, and sinew of a hearty healthy conversational *English*.

This is THE FRIEND's first reason for the insertion of this Extract. His other and principal motive may be found in the kindly good-tempered spirit of the passage. But instead of troubling the Reader with the painful contrast which so many recollections force on my own feelings, I will refer the character-makers of the present day to the Letters of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More to Martin Dorpius, that are commonly annexed to the Encomium Moriæ; and then for a practical comment on the just and affecting sentiments of these two great

men, to the works of Roger North, as proofs how alone an English scholar and gentleman will permit himself to delineate his contemporaries even under the strongest prejudices of party spirit, and though employed on the coarsest subjects. A coarser subject than L. C. J. Saunders cannot well be imagined; nor does North use his colors with a sparing or very delicate hand. And yet the final impression is that of kindness.

### EXTRACT FROM NORTH'S EXAMEN.

THE Lord Chief Justice Saunders succeeded in the room of Pemberton. His character, and his beginning were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor boy, if not a parish-foundling, without knowing parents or relations. He had found a way to live by obsequiousness in Clement's Inn, as I remember, and courting the attorney's clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy, made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write, and one of the attornies got a board knocked up at a window on the top of a staircase; and that was his desk, where he sat and

wrote after copies of court, and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney-writing. And thus by degrees he pushed his faculties and fell to forms, and by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entertaining clerk; and by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, then at large: and after he was called to the Bar, had practice in the King's Bench Court equal with any there. As to his person he was very corpulent and beastly, a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, by his troggs, (such an humourous way of talking he affected) none could say he wanted issue of his body, for he had nine in his back. He was a fetid mass, that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those whose ill fortune it was to stand near him, were confessors, and in summer time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcase came upon him by continual sottishness; for to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used; the rest of his life was sitting at his desk or

piping at home; and that home was a tailor's house, in Butcher Row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse or worse; but by virtue of his money, of which he made little account, though he got a great deal, he soon became master of the family; and being no changling he never removed, but was true to his friends, and they to him to the last hour of his life. So much for his person and education. As for his parts none had them more lively than he; wit and repartee in an affected rusticity were natural to him. He was ever ready and never at a loss; and none came so near as he to be a match for serjeant Mainerd. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors who were not aware of his traps. And he was so fond of success for his clients, that rather than fail, he would set the court hard with a trick; for which he met, sometimes, with a reprimand which he would ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But Hales could not bear his irregularity of life; and for that, and suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard upon him in the court. But no ill-usage from the bench was

too hard for his hold of business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this he had a goodness of nature and disposition in so great a degree, that he may be deservedly styled a Philanthrope. He was a very Silenus to the boys, as in this place I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of rigid or austere in him. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stench, he ever converted the complaint into content and laughing with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and why not, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And for good-nature and condescension there was not his fellow. I have seen him for hours and half-hours together, before the court sat, stand at the bar, with an audience of Students over against him, putting of cases, and debating so as suited their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And so in the Temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them.

It will be readily conceived that this man

was never cut out to be a Presbyter, or any thing that is severe and crabbed. In no time did he lean to faction, but did his business without offence to any. He put off officious talk of government or politics with jests, and so made his wit a catholicon or shield to cover all his weak places or infirmities. When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business; and had the part of drawing, and perusal of almost all indictments and informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the pleadings thereon, if any were special; and he had the settling of the large pleadings in the *quo Warranto* against London. His Lordship had no sort of conversation with him but in the way of business and at the bar; but once, after he was in the king's business, he dined with his Lordship, and no more. And there he shewed another qualification he had acquired, and that was to play jigs upon an harpsichord; having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady's; but in such a manner, not for defect, but figure, as to see him were a jest.

The king observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to the Chief Justice of the King's Bench at that nice time. And the ministry could not but approve of it. So great a weight was then at stake, as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as any thing might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the Court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers. But his course of life was so different from what it had been, his business incessant and withal crabbed; and his diet and exercise changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He outlived the judgment in the *quo Warranto*; but was not present otherwise then by sending his opinion by one of the judges, to be for the king, who at the pronouncing of the judgment, declared it to the court accordingly, which is frequently done in like cases.

## ESSAY III.

*Proinde si videbitur, fingant isti me latrunculis interim animi causâ lusisse, ant si malint, equitásse in arundine longâ. Nam quæ tandem est iniquitas, cum omni vitæ instituto suos lusus concedamus, studiis nullum omnino lusum permittere: maxime si ita tractentur ludicra, ut es his aliquando plus frugis referat lector non omnino navis obesæ quam ex quorundum tetricis ac splendidis argumentis.*

ERASMI *Præf. ad Mor. Enc.*

*Translation.*—They may pretend, if they like, that I amuse myself with playing at Fox and Goose, or, if they prefer it, equitasse in arundine longâ, that I ride the cock-horse on my grandam's crutch. But wherein, I pray, consists the unfairness or impropriety, when every trade and profession is allowed its own sport and travesty, in extending the same permission to literature: especially if trifles are so handled, that a reader of tolerable quickness may occasionally derive more food for profitable reflection than from many a work of grand or gloomy argument?

IRUS, the forlorn Irus, whose nourishment consisted in bread and water, whose cloathing

of one tattered mantle, and whose bed of an arm-full of straw, this same Irus, by a rapid transition of fortune, became the most prosperous mortal under the sun. It pleased the Gods to snatch him at once out of the dust, and to place him by the side of princes. He beheld himself in the possession of incalculable treasures. His palace excelled even the temple of the gods in the pomp of its ornaments; his least sumptuous cloathing was of purple and gold, and his table might well have been named the compendium of luxury, the summary of all that the voluptuous ingenuity of men had invented for the gratification of the palate. A numerous train of admiring dependants followed him at every step; those to whom he vouchsafed a gracious look, were esteemed already in the high road of fortune, and the favoured individual who was permitted to kiss his hand, appeared to be the object of common envy. The name of Irus sounding in his ears an unwelcome memento and perpetual reproach of his former poverty, he for this reason named himself Ceraunius, or the Lightning-flasher, and the whole people celebrated this

splendid change of title by public rejoicings. The poet, who a few years ago had personified poverty itself under his former name of Irus, now made a discovery which had till that moment remained a profound secret, but was now received by all with implicit faith and warmest approbation. Jupiter, forsooth, had become enamoured of the mother of Ceraunius, and assumed the form of a mortal in order to enjoy her love. Henceforward they erected altars to him, they swore by his name, and the priests discovered in the entrails of the sacrificial victim, that THE GREAT CERAUNIUS, this worthy son of Jupiter, was the sole pillar of the western world. Toxaris, his former neighbour, a man whom good fortune, unwearied industry, and rational frugality, had placed among the richest citizens, became the first victim of the pride of this new demi-god. In the time of his poverty *Irus* had repined at his luck and prosperity, and irritable from distress and envy, had conceived that Toxaris had looked contemptuously on him; and now was the time that *Ceraunius* would make him feel the power of him, whose father grasped the thun-

der-bolt. Three advocates, newly admitted into the recently established order of the Cygnet, gave evidence that Toxaris had denied the gods, committed peculations on the sacred treasury, and increased his treasures by acts of sacrilege. He was hurried off to prison and sentenced to an ignominious death, and his wealth confiscated to the use of Ceraunius, the earthly representative of the deities. Ceraunius now found nothing wanting to his felicity but a bride worthy of his rank and blooming honours. The most illustrious of the land were candidates for his alliance. Euphorbia, the daughter of the noble Austrius, was honoured with his final choice. To nobility of birth nature had added for Euphorbia a rich dowry of beauty, a nobleness both of look and stature. The flowing ringlets of her hair, her lofty forehead, her brilliant eyes, her stately figure, her majestic gait, had enchanted the haughty Ceraunius: and all the bards told what the inspiring muses had revealed to them, that Venus more than once had pined with jealousy at the sight of her superior charms. The day of espousal arrived, and the illustrious son

of Jove was proceeding in pomp to the temple, when the anguish-stricken wife of Toxaris, with his innocent children, suddenly threw themselves at his feet, and with loud lamentations entreated him to spare the life of her husband. Enraged by this interruption, Ceraunius spurned her from him with his feet and—Irus awakened, and found himself lying on the same straw on which he had lain down, and with his old tattered mantle spread over him. With his returning reason, conscience too returned. He praised the gods and resigned himself to his lot. Ceraunius indeed had vanished, but the innocent Toxaris was still alive, and Irus poor yet guiltless.

Can my reader recollect no character now on earth, who sometime or other will awake from his dream of empire, poor as Irus, with all the guilt and impiety of Ceraunius?

P. S. The reader will bear in mind, that this fable was written and first published, at the close of 1809.

ῥέχθεν δὲ τε νήπιος ἔγνω.

## CHRISTMAS WITHIN DOORS, IN THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

### EXTRACTED FROM SATYRANE'S LETTERS.

*Ratzeburg.*

There is a Christmas custom here which pleased and interested me.—The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other; and the parents to the children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money, to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits and the others are not with them; getting up in the morning before day-light, &c. Then on the evening before Christmas day one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go. A great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but so as not to *catch* it till they are nearly burnt out, and coloured paper, &c. hangs and

flutters from the twigs.—Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced—and each presents his little gift—and then bring out the rest one by one from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces.—Where I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast—it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him.—I was very much affected.—The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture—and then the raptures of the *very* little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and *snap*—O it was a delight for them!—On the next day, in the great parlour, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children: a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother

says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praise-worthy and that which was most faulty in their conduct.—Fomerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow who in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates Knecht Rupert, i. e. the servant Rupert. On Christmas night he goes round to every house and says, that Jesus Christ his master sent him thither—the parents and elder children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened—He then enquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parent, he gives them the intended present, as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ.—Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his master recommends them to use it frequently. —About seven or eight years old the children are let into the secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it!

CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS.

The whole Lake of Ratzeburg is one mass of thick transparent ice—a spotless mirror of nine miles in extent! The lowness of the hills, which rise from the shores of the lake, preclude the awful sublimity of Alpine scenery, yet compensate for the want of it by beauties, of which this very lowness is a necessary condition. Yester-morning I saw the lesser lake completely hidden by mist; but the moment the sun peeped over the hill, the mist broke in the middle, and in a few seconds stood divided, leaving a broad road all across the lake; and between these two walls of mist the sunlight *burnt* upon the ice, forming a road of golden fire, intolerably bright! and the mist-walls themselves partook of the blaze in a multitude of shining colours. This is our second frost. About a month ago, before the thaw came on, there was a storm of wind; during the whole night, such were the thunders and howlings of the breaking ice, that they have left a conviction on my mind, that there are sounds more sublime than any sight *can* be, more absolutely suspending the power of comparison, and

more utterly absorbing the mind's self-consciousness in its total attention to the object working upon it. Part of the ice which the vehemence of the wind had shattered, was driven shore-ward and froze anew. On the evening of the next day, at sun-set, the shattered ice thus frozen, appeared of a deep blue and in shape like an agitated sea; beyond this, the water, that ran up between the great islands of ice which had preserved their masses entire and smooth, shone of a yellow green; but all these scattered ice-islands, themselves, were of an intensely bright blood colour—they seemed blood and light in union! On some of the largest of these islands, the fishermen stood pulling out their immense nets through the holes made in the ice for this purpose, and the men, their net-poles, and their huge nets, were a part of the glory; say rather, it appeared as if the rich crimson light had shaped itself into these forms, figures, and attitudes, to make a glorious vision in mockery of earthly things.

The lower lake is now all alive with scaters, and with ladies driven onward by them in their

ice cars. Mercury, surely, was the first maker of scates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In scating there are three pleasing circumstances: the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the scate cuts up, and which creep and run before the scate like a low mist, and in sun-rise or sun-set become coloured; second, the shadow of the scater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and third, the melancholy undulating sound from the scate, not without variety; and when very many are scating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake *tinkle*.

Here I stop, having in truth transcribed the preceding in great measure, in order to present the lovers of poetry with a descriptive passage, extracted, with the author's permission, from an unpublished Poem on the Growth and Revolutions of an Individual Mind, by WORDSWORTH.

——— an Orphic tale indeed,
A tale divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chaunted!

S. T. C.

## GROWTH OF GENIUS FROM THE INFLUENCES OF NATURAL OBJECTS, ON THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD, AND EARLY YOUTH.

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of Thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of Childhood didst Thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human Soul,
Nor with the mean and vulgar works of man
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With Life and Nature: purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsaf'd to me
With stinted kindness. In November days
When vapours rolling down the vallies made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon, and mid the calm of summer nights,
When by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;

'Twas mine among the fields both day and night
And by the waters all the summer long.
And in the frosty season when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons:—happy time
It was indeed for all of us, to me
It was a time of rapture! clear and loud
The village clock toll'd six! I wheel'd about,
Proud and exulting, like an untir'd horse
That car'd not for its home.—All shod with steel
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chace
And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy—not unnoticed, while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay or sportively

Glanc'd sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng
To cut across the image of a star
That gleam'd upon the ice: and oftentimes
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I reclining back upon my heels
Stopp'd short: yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me even as if the earth had roll'd
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

# ESSAY IV.

*Es ist fast traurig zu sehen, wie man von der Hebraischen Quellen so ganz sich abgewendet hat. In Ægyptens selbst dunkeln unenträthselbaren Hieroglyphen hat man der Schlüssel alter Weisheit suchen wollen; jetzt ist von nichts als Indiens Sprache und Weisheit die Rede; aber die Rabbinische Schriften liegen unerforscht.*———SCHELLING.

*Translation.*—It is mournful to observe, how entirely we have turned our backs on the Hebrew sources. In the obscure insolvable riddles of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics the Learned have been hoping to find the key of ancient doctrine, and now we hear of nothing but the language aud wisdom of India, while the writings and traditions of the Rabbins are consigned to neglect without examination.

## THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST.

During his march to conquer the world. Alexander the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded

corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their Chief, who received him hospitably and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. Do you eat gold in this country? said Alexander. I take it for granted (replied the Chief) that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason then art thou come among us? Your gold has not tempted me hither, said Alexander, but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs. So be it, rejoined the other, sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee. At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said, I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it: and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it. The defendant answered: I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advan-

tages, and consequently the treasure inclusively.

The Chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright. Then after some reflection said: Thou hast a Son, Friend, I believe? Yes! And thou (addressing the other) a Daughter? Yes!—Well then, let thy Son marry *thy* Daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage portion. Alexander seemed surprized and perplexed. Think you my sentence unjust? the Chief asked him—O no, replied Alexander, but it astonishes me. And how, then, rejoined the Chief, would the case have been decided in your country?—To confess the truth, said Alexander, we should have taken both parties into custody and have seized the treasure for the king's use. For the king's use! exclaimed the Chief, now in his turn astonished. Does the sun shine on that country?—O yes! Does it rain there?—Assuredly. Wonderful! but are there tame Animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?

Very many, and of many kinds.—Aye, that must be the cause, said the Chief: for the sake of those innocent Animals the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country.

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### WHOSO HATH FOUND A VIRTUOUS WIFE HATH A GREATER TREASURE THAN COSTLY PEARLS.

Such a treasure had the celebrated Teacher Rabbi Meir found. He set during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. Where are my two sons, he asked, that I may give them my blessing? They are gone to the school, was the answer. I repeatedly looked round the school, he replied, and I did not see them there. She reached to him a goblet, he praised

the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank and again asked: where are my Sons that they too may drink of the cup of blessing? They will not be far off, she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him. Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question. Ask it then my love! he replied: A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back again? This is a question, said Rabbi Meir, which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?—No, she replied; but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith. She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.—Ah, my Sons, my Sons, thus loudly lamented the Father, my Sons, the Light of mine Eyes and the Light of my Understanding, I was your Father, but ye were my Teachers in the

Law. The Mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord! Blessed be the name of the Lord! echoed Rabbi Meir, and blessed be his name for thy sake too! for well is it written; whoso hath found a virtuous Wife hath a greater Treasure than costly Pearls: She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

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## CONVERSATION OF A PHILOSOPHER WITH A RABBI.

Your God in his Book calls himself a jealous God, who can endure no other God beside himself, and on all occasions makes manifest his abhorrence of idolatry. How comes it then that he threatens and seems to hate the worshippers of false Gods more than the false Gods themselves. A certain king, replied the

Rabbi, had a disobedient Son. Among other worthless tricks of various kinds, he had the baseness to give his Dogs his Father's names and titles. Should the King shew his anger on the Prince or the Dogs?—Well turned, rejoined the Philosopher: but if your God destroyed the objects of idolatry he would take away the temptation to it. Yea, retorted the Rabbi, if the Fools worshipped such things only as were of no further use than that to which their Folly applied them, if the Idol were always as worthless as the Idolatry is contemptible. But they worship the Sun, the Moon, the Host of Heaven, the Rivers, the Sea, Fire, Air, and what not? Would you that the Creator, for the sake of these Fools, should ruin his own Works, and disturb the the laws appointed to Nature by his own Wisdom? If a man steals grain and sows it, should the seed not shoot up out of the earth, because it was stolen? O no! the wise Creator lets Nature run her own course; for her course is his own appointment. And what if the children of folly abuse it to evil? The day of reckoning is not far off, and men will then

learn that human actions likewise re-appear in their consequences by as certain a law as the green blade rises up out of the buried corn-seed.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

*S. Curtis,*
*Printer, Camberwell.*

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